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THE WORLD'S ONE THOUSAND BEST POEMS

VOLUME SIX

KINGSLEY-MEREDITH

THE WORLD'S ONE THOUSAND BEST POEMS

(IN TEN VOLUMES)

BERTON BRALEY
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

VOLUME SIX

KINGSLEY-MEREDITH

(*Complete Index—Volume Ten*)

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY
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Vol. 6

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CHARLES KINGSLEY

1819—1875

THE THREE FISHERS

THREE fishers went sailing out into the West,
  Out into the West as the sun went down;
Each thought on the woman who lov'd him the best;
  And the children stood watching them out of the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
  Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the light-house tower,
  And they trimm'd the lamps as the sun went down;
They look'd at the squall, and they look'd at the shower,
  And the night rack came rolling up ragged and brown!
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
  And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
  In the morning gleam as the tide went down,

And the women are weeping and wringing their hands
For those who will never come back to the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep—
And good-by to the bar and its moaning.

BUCCANEER

Oh, England is a pleasant place for them that's rich and high;
But England is a cruel place for such poor folks as I;
And such a port for mariners I ne'er shall see again,
As the pleasant Isle of Avès, beside the Spanish main.

There were forty craft in Avès that were both swift and stout,
All furnish'd well with small arms and cannons round about;
And a thousand men in Avès made laws so fair and free
To choose their valiant captains and obey them loyally.

Thence we sail'd against the Spaniard with his hoards of plate and gold,
Which he wrung by cruel tortures from the Indian folk of old;
Likewise the merchant captains, with hearts as hard as stone,
Which flog men and keel-haul them and starve them to the bone.

Oh, the palms grew high in Avès and fruits that shone like gold,
And the colibris and parrots they were gorgeous to behold;
And the negro maids to Avès from bondage fast did flee,
To welcome gallant sailors a sweeping in from sea.

Oh, sweet it was in Avès to hear the landward breeze
A-swing with good tobacco in a net between the trees,
With a negro lass to fan you while you listen'd to the roar
Of the breakers on the reef outside that never touched the shore.

But Scripture saith, an ending to all fine things must be,
So the King's ships sail'd on Avès and quite put down were we.
All day we fought like bulldogs, but they burst the booms at night;
And I fled in a piragua sore wounded from the fight.

Nine days I floated starving, and a negro lass beside,
Till for all I tried to cheer her, the poor young thing she died;
But as I lay a gasping a Bristol sail came by,
And brought me home to England here to beg until I die.

And now I'm old and going I'm sure I can't tell
where;
One comfort is, this world's so hard I can't be
worse off there;
If I might but be a sea-dove I'd fly across the
main,
To the pleasant Isle of Avès, to look at it once
again.

LORRAINE

"ARE you ready for your steeple-chase, Lorraine,
Lorraine, Lorree?
Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum,
Baree.
You're booked to ride your capping race to-day to
Coulterlee,
You're booked to ride Vindictive, for all the world
to see,
To keep him straight, and keep him first, and win
the run for me."
Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum,
Baree.

She clasp'd her new born baby, poor Lorraine, Lor-
raine, Lorree.
Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum,
Baree.
"I cannot ride Vindictive, as any man might see,
And I will not ride Vindictive, with this baby on
my knee;
He's kill'd a boy, he's kill'd a man, and why must
he kill me?"

"Unless you ride Vindictive, Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorree,
Unless you ride Vindictive to-day at Coulterlee,
And land him safe across the brook, and win the blank for me,
It's you may keep your baby, for you'll get no keep from me."

"That husbands could be cruel," said Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorree,
"That husbands could be cruel, I have known for seasons three;
But oh, to ride Vindictive while a baby cried for me,
And be kill'd across a fence at last for all the world to see!"

She master'd young Vindictive—O, the gallant lass was she!
And kept him straight and won the race as near as near could be;
But he kill'd her at the brook against a pollard willow tree;
Oh! he kill'd her at the brook, the brute, for all the world to see,
And no one but the baby cried for poor Lorraine, Lorree.

THE SANDS OF DEE

"O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home
Across the sands of Dee!"

The Western wind was wild and dank wi' foam,
  And all alone went she.

The western tide crept up along the sand,
    And o'er and o'er the sand,
    And round and round the sand,
  As far as eye could see.
The rolling mist came down and hid the land—
  And never home came she.

"Oh! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
    A tress o' golden hair,
    A drowned maiden's hair
  Above the nets at sea?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
  Among the stakes on Dee."

They row'd her in across the rolling foam,
    The cruel crawling foam,
    The cruel hungry foam,
  To her grave beside the sea:
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
  Across the sands of Dee!

A FAREWELL

My fairest child, I have no song to give you;
  No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray:
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
      For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
  Do noble things, not dream them, all day long:
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
      One grand, sweet song.

RUDYARD KIPLING

1865—

M'ANDREW'S HYMN

LORD, Thou hast made this world below the shadow of a dream,
An', taught by time, I tak' it so—exceptin' always Steam.
From coupler-flange to spindle-guide I see Thy Hand, O God—
Predestination in the stride o' yon connectin'-rod.
John Calvin might ha' forged the same—enorrmous, certain, slow—
Ay, wrought it in the furnace-flame—my "Institutio."
I cannot get my sleep to-night; old bones are hard to please;
I'll stand the middle watch up here—alone wi' God an' these
My engines, after ninety days o' race an' rack an' strain
Through all the seas of all Thy world, slam-bangin' home again.
Slam-bang too much—they knock a wee—the cross-head-gibs are loose,
But thirty thousand mile o' sea has gied them fair excuse. . . .
Fine, clear an' dark—a full-draught breeze, wi' Ushant out o' sight,
An' Ferguson relievin' Hay. Old girl, ye'll walk-to-night!
His wife's at Plymouth. . . . Seventy-One-Two-Three since he began—

Three turns for Mistress Ferguson . . . and who's
to blame the man?
There's none at any port for me, by drivin' fast or
slow,
Since Elsie Campbell went to Thee, Lord, thirty years
ago.
(The year the Sarah Sands was burned. Oh roads
we used to tread,
Fra' Maryhill to Pollokshaws—fra' Govan to Park-
head!)
Not but they're ceevil on the Board. Ye'll hear Sir
Kenneth say:
"Good morrn, McAndrew! Back again? An' how's
your bilge to-day?"
Miscallin' technicalities but handling me my chair
To drink Madeira wi' three Earls—the auld Fleet
Engineer
That started as a boiler-whelp—when steam and he
were low.
I mind the time we used to serve a broken pipe wi'
tow!
Ten pound was all the pressure then—Eh! Eh!—a
man wad drive;
An' here, our workin' gauges give one hunder sixty-
five!
We're creepin' on wi' each new rig—less weight an'
larger power:
There'll be the loco-boiler next an' thirty miles an
hour!
Thirty an' more. What I ha' seen since ocean-steam
began
Leaves me na doot for the machine: but what about
the man?

The man that counts, wi' all his runs, one million
mile o' sea:
Four time the span from earth to moon. . . . How
far, O Lord, from Thee
That wast beside him night an' day? Ye mind my.
first typhoon?
It scoughed the skipper on his way to jock wi' the
saloon.
Three feet were on the stokehold-floor—just slappin'
to an' fro—
An' cast me on a furnace-door. I have the marks
to show.
Marks! I ha' marks o'more than burns—deep in my
soul an' black,
An' times like this, when things go smooth, my
wickudness comes back.
The sins o' four an' forty years, all up an' down the
seas.
Clack an' repeat like valves half-fed. . . . Forgie's
our trespasses!
Nights when I'd come on deck to mark, wi' envy
in my gaze,
The couples kittlin' in the dark between the funnel-
stays;
Years when I raked the Ports Wi' pride to fill my
cup o' wrong—
Judge not, O Lord, my steps aside at Gay Street
in Hong-Kong!
Blot out the wastrel hours of mine in sin when I
abode—
Jane Harrigan's an' Number Nine, The Deddick an'
Grant Road!

An' waur than all—my crownin' sin—rank blasphemy an' wild.
I was not four and twenty then—Ye wadna judge a child?
I'd seen the Tropics first that run—new fruit, new smells, new air—
How could I tell—blind-fou wi' sun—the Deil was lurkin' there?
By day like playhouse-scenes the shore slid past our sleepy eyes;
By night those soft, lasceevious stars leered from those velvet skies
In port (we used no cargo-stream) I'd daunder down the streets—
An ijjit grinnin' in a dream—for shells an' parrakeets,
An' walkin' sticks o' carved bamboo an' blowfish stuffed an' dried—
Fillin' my bunk wi' rubbishry the Chief put overside.
Till, off Sambawa Head, Ye mind, I heard a landbreeze ca',
Milk-warm wi' breath o' spice an' bloom: "McAndrew, come awa'!"
Firm, clear an' low—no haste, no hate—the ghosty whisper went,
Just statin' eevidential facts beyon' all argument:
"Your mither's God's a graspin' deil, the shadow o' yoursel',
"Got out o' books by meenisters clean daft on Heaven an' Hell.
"They mak' him in the Broomielaw, o' Glasgie cold an' dirt,

"A jealous, pridefu' fetich, lad, that's only strong to hurt,
"Ye'll not go back to Him again an' kiss His red-hot rod,
"But come wi' Us" (Now, who were They?) "an' know the Leevin' God,
"That does not kipper souls for sport or break a life in jest,
"But swells the rippenin' cocoanuts an' ripes the woman's breast."
An' there it stopped: cut off: no more; that quiet, certain voice—
For me, six months o'twenty-four, to leave or take at choice.
'Twas on me like a thunderclap—it racked me through an' through—
Temptation past the show o' speech, unnameable an' new—
The Sin against the Holy Ghost? . . . An' under all, our screw.
That storm blew by but left behind her anchor-shiftin' swell.
Thou knowest all my heart an' mind, Thou knowest, Lord I fell.
Third on the Mary Gloster then, and first that night in Hell!
Yet was Thy Hand beneath my head, about my feet Thy Care—
Fra' Deli clear to Torres Strait, the trail o' despair,
But when we touched the Barrier Reef Thy answer to my prayer!
We dared na run that sea by night but lay an' held our fire,

An' I was drawsin' on the hatch—Sick—sick—sick
wi' doubt an' tire:
"Better the sight of eyes that see than wanderin' O'
desire!"
Ye mind that word? Clear as our gongs—again, an'
once again,
When rippin' down through coral-trash ran out our
moorin'-chain;
An' by Thy Grace, I had the Light to see my duty
plain.
Light on the engine-room—no more—bright as our
carbons burn.
I've lost it since a thousand times, but never past
return!

. . . . . .

Obsairve. Per annum we'll have here two thousand
souls aboard—
Think not I dare to justify myself before The Lord,
But—average fifteen hunder souls safe-borne fra'
port to port—
I am o' service to my kind. Ye wadna blame the
thought?
Maybe they steam from Grace to Wrath—to sin by
folly led—
It isna mine to judge their path—their lives are on
my head.
Mine at the last—when all is done it all comes back
to me,
The fault that leaves six thousand ton a log upon
the sea.
We'll tak' one stretch—three weeks an' odd by
ony road ye steer—

Fra' Cape Town east to Wellington—ye need an' engineer.
Fail there—ye've time to weld your shaft—ay, eat it, ere ye're spoke;
Or make Kerguelen under sail—three jiggers burned wi' smoke!
An' home again—the Rio run: it's no child's play to go
Steamin' to bell for fourteen days o' snow an' floe an' blow.
The bergs like kelpies overside that girn an' toun an' shift
Whaur, grindin' like the Mills o' god, goes by the big South drift.
(Hail, Snow and Ice that praise the Lord. I've met them at their work,
An' wished we had anither route or they anither kirk.)
Yon's strain, hard strain, o' head an' hand, for though Thy Power brings
All skill to naught, Ye'll understand a man must think o' things.
Then, at the last, we'll get to port an' hoist their baggage clear—
The passengers, wi' gloves an' canes—an' this is what I'll hear:
"Well, thank ye for a pleasant voyage. The tender's comin' now."
While I go testin' follower-bolts an' watch the skipper bow.
They've words for every one but me—shake hands wi' half the crew,

Except the dour Scots engineer, the man they never
knew.
An' yet I like the wark for all we've dam' few
pickin's here—
No pension, an' the most we'll earn's four hundred
pound a year.
Better myself abroad? Maybe. I'd sooner starve
than sail
Wi' such as call a snifter-rod ross. . . . French for
nightingale.
Commeesion on my stores? Some do; but I cannot
afford
To lie like stewards wi' patty-pans. I'm older than
the Board.
A bonus on the coal I sav? Ou ay, the Scots are
close,
But when I grudge the strength Ye gave I'll grudge
their food to those.
(There's bricks that I might recommend—an' clink
the fire-bars cruel.
No! Welsh—Wandgarti at the worst—an' damn
all patent fuel!)
Inventions? Ye must stay in port to mak' a patent
pay.
My Deeferential Valve-Gear taught me how that
business lay,
I blame no chaps wi' clearer heads for aught they
make or sell.
I found that I could not invent an' look to these as
well.
So, wrestled wi' Apollyon—Nah!—fretted like a
bairn—

But burned the workin'-plans last run wi' all I hoped to earn.
Ye know how hard an Idol dies, an' what that meant to me—
E'en tak' it for a sacrifice acceptable to Thee. . . .
Below there! Oiler! What's your wark? Ye find it runnin' hard?
Ye needn't swill the cup wi' oil—this isn't the Cunard!
Ye thought? Ye are not paid to think. Go, sweat that off again!
Tck! Tck! It's deeficult to sweer nor tak' The Name in vain!
Men, ay an' women, call me stern. Wi' these to oversee
Ye'll note I've little time to burn on social repartee.
The bairns see what their elders miss; they'll hunt me to an' fro,
Till for the sake of—well, a kiss—I tak' 'em down below.
That minds me of our Viscount loon—Sir Kenneth's kin—the chap
Wi' Russia leather tennis-shoon an' spar-decked yachtin'-cap.
I showed him round last week, o'er all—an' at the last says he:
"Mister McAndrew, don't you think steam spoils romance at sea?"
Damned ijjit'. I'd been doon that morn to see what ailed the throws,
Manholin', on my back—the cranks three inches off my nose.

Romance! Those first-class passengers they like it very well,
Printed an' bound in little books; but why don't poets tell?
I'm sick of all their quirks an' turns—the loves an' doves they dream—
Lord, send a man like Robbie Burns to sing the Song o' Steam!
To match wi' Scotia's noblest speech yon orchestra sublime
Whaurto—uplifted like the Just—the tail-rods mark the time.
The crank-throws give the double-bass, the feed pump sobs an' heaves,
An' now the main eccentrics start their quarrel on the sheaves:
Her time, her own appointed time, the rocking link-head bides,
Till-hear that note?—the rod's return whings glimmerin' through the guides
They're all awa! True beat, full power, the clangin' chorus goes.
Clear to the tunnel where they sit, my purrin' dynamoes.
Interdependence absolute, foreseen, ordained, decreed,
To work, Ye'll note, at any tilt an' every rate o' speed.
Fra skylight-lift to furnace-bars, backed, bolted, braced an' stayed.
An' singin' like the Mornin' Stars for joy that they are made;
While, out o' touch o' vanity, the sweatin' thrust-block says:

"Not unto us the praise, or man—not unto us the praise!"
Now, a' together, hear them lift their lesson—theirs an' mine:
"Law, Orrder, Duty an' Restraint, Obedience, Discipline!"
Mill, forge an' try-pit taught them that when roarin' they arose,
An' whiles I wonder if a soul was gied them wi' the blows.
Oh for a man to weld it then, in one trip-hammer strain,
Till even first-class passengers could tell the meanin' plain!
But no one cares except mysel' that serve an' understand
My seven thousand horse-power here. Eh, Lord! They're grand—they're grand
Uplift am I? When first in store the new-made beasties stood,
Were Ye cast down that breathed the Word declarin' all things good?
Not so! O' that warld-liftin' joy no after-fall could vex,
Ye've left a glimmer still to cheer the Man—the Arrtifex!
That holds, in spite o' knock and scale, o'friction, waste an' slip,
An' by that light—now, mark my word—we'll build the Perfect Ship.
I'll never last to judge her lines or take her curve—not I.

But! ha' lived an' I ha' worked. Be thanks to Thee,
Most High!
An' I ha' done what I ha' done—judge Thou if ill
or well—
Always Thy Grace preventin' me. . . .
Losh! Yon's the "Stand-by" bell.
Pilot so soon? His flare it is. The morin'-watch is
set.
Well, God be thanked, as I was sayin', I'm no Pela-
gian yet.
Now I'll tak' on.
'Morrn, Ferguson. Man, have ye ever thought
What your good leddy costs in coal? . . . I'll burn
'em down to port.

"THE BETROTHED"

OPEN the old cigar-box, get me a Cuba stout,
For things are running crossways, and Maggie and
I are out.

We quarrelled about Havanas—we fought o'er a
good cheroot,
And I know she is exacting, and she says I am a
brute.

Open the old cigar-box—let me consider a space;
In the soft blue veil of the vapour musing on
Maggie's face.

Maggie is pretty to look at—Maggie's a loving lass,
But the prettiest cheeks must wrinkle, the truest of
loves must pass.

There's peace in a Laranaga, there's calm in a Henry
Clay;
But the best cigar in an hour is finished and thrown
away—

Thrown away for another as perfect and ripe and
brown—
But I could not throw away Maggie for fear o' the
talk o' the town!

Maggie, my wife at fifty—grey and dour and old—
With never another Maggie to purchase for love
or gold!

All the light of Days that have been the dark of
the Days that Are,
And Love's torch stinking and stale, like the butt of
a dead cigar—

The butt of a dead cigar you are bound to keep in
your pocket—
With never a new one to light tho' it's charred and
black to the socket!

Open the old cigar-box—let me consider a while.
Here is a mild Manilla—there is a wifely smile.

Which is the better portion—bondage bought with
a ring,
Or a harem of dusky beauties fifty tied in a string?

Counsellors cunning and silent—comforters true and
tried,
And never a one of the fifty to sneer at a rival
bride?

Thought in the early morning, solace in time of woes,
Peace in the hush of the twilight, balm ere my eyelids close.

This will the fifty give me, asking nought in return,
With only a Suttee's passion—to do their duty and burn.

This will the fifty give me. When they are spent and dead,
Five times other fifties shall be my servants instead.

The furrows of far-off Java, the isles of the Spanish Main,
When they hear my harem is empty will send me my brides again.

I will take no heed to their raiment, nor food for their mouths withal,
So long as the gulls are nesting, so long as the showers fall.

I will scent 'em with best vanilla, with tea will I temper their hides,
And the Moor and the Mormon shall envy who read of the tale of my brides.

For Maggie has written a letter to give me my choice between
The wee little whimpering Love and the great God Nick o' Teen.

And I have been servant Of Love for barely a
twelvemonth clear,
But I have been Priest of Cabanas a matter of seven
year;

And the gloom of my bachelor days is flecked with
the cheery light
Of stumps that I burned to Friendship and Pleasure
and Work and Fight.

And I turn my eyes to the future that Maggie and
I must prove,
But the only light on the marshes is the Will-o'-the
Wisp of Love.

Will it see me safe through my journey or leave me
bogged in the mire?
Since a puff of tobacco can cloud it, shall I follow
the fitful fire?

Open the old cigar-box—let me consider anew—
Old friends, and who is Maggie that I should aban-
don you?

A million surplus Maggies are willing to bear the
yoke;
And a woman is only a woman, but a good Cigar
is a Smoke.

Light me another Cuba—I hold to my first-sworn
vows.
If Maggie will have no rival, I'll have no Maggie for
Spouse!

"THE FEET OF THE YOUNG MEN"

Now the Four-way Lodge is opened, now the Hunt
ing Winds are loose—
Now the Smokes of Spring go up to clear the brain
Now the Young Men's hearts are troubled for the
whisper of the Trues,
Now the Red Gods make their medicine again!
Who hath seen the beaver busied? Who hath watched
the black-tail mating?
Who hath lain alone to hear the wild-goose cry?
Who hath worked the chosen water where the
ouananiche is waiting,
Or the sea-trout's jumping-crazy for the fly?

He must go—go—go—away from here!
On the other side the world he's overdue.
'Send your road is clear before you when the old
Spring fret comes o'er you,
And the Red Gods call for you!
So for one the wet sail arching through the rainbow
round the bow,
And for one the creak of snow-shoes on the crust;
And for one the lakeside lilies where the bull-moose
waits the cow,
And for one the mule-train coughing in the dust.
Who hath smelt wood-smoke at twilight? Who hath
heard the birch-log burning?
Who is quick to read the noises of the night?
Let him follow with the others, for the Young
Men's feet are turning
To the camps of proved desire and known delight!
Let him go—go, etc.

)o you know the blackened timber—do you know
that racing stream
With the raw, right-angled log-jam at the end;
\nd the bar of sun-warmed shingle where a man
may bask and dream
To the click of shod canoe-poles round the bend?
t is there that we are going with our rods and
reels and traces,
To a silent, smoky Indian that we know—
'o a couch of new-pulled hemlock, with the star-
light on our faces,
For the Red Gods call us out and we must go!
They must go—go, etc.

)o you know the shallow Baltic where the seas are
steep and short,
Where the bluff, lee-boarded fishing-luggers ride?
)o you know the joy of threshing leagues to leeward
of your port
On a coast you've lost the chart of overside?
t is there that I am going, with an extra hand to
bale her—
Just one able 'long-shore loafer that I know.
Ie can take his chance of drowning, while I sail
and sail and sail her,
For the Red Gods call me out and I must go!
He must go—go, etc.

)o you know the pile-built village where the sago-
dealers trade—
Do you know the reek of fish and wet bamboo?
)o you know the steaming stillness of the orchid-
scented glade

When the blazoned, bird-winged butterflies flap through?
It is there that I am going with my camphor, net, and boxes,
To a gentle, yellow pirate that I know—
To my little wailing lemurs, to my palms and flying-foxes,
For the Red Gods call me out and I must go!
He must go—go, etc.

Do you know the world's white roof-tree—do you know that windy rift
Where the baffling mountain-eddies chop and change?
Do you know the long day's patience, belly-down on frozen drift,
While the head of heads is feeding out of range?
It is there that I am going, where the boulders and the snow lie,
With a trust, nimble tracker that I know.
I have sworn an oath, to keep it on the Horns of Ovis Poli,
And the Red Gods call me out and I must go!
He must go—go, etc.

Now the Four-way Lodge is opened—now the Smokes of Council rise—
Pleasant smokes, ere yet 'twixt trail and trail they choose—
Now the girths and ropes are tested: now they pack their last supplies:
Now our Young Men go to dance before the Trues!

Who shall meet them at those altars—who shall
light them to that shrine?
Velvet-footed, who shall guide them to their goal?
Unto each the voice and vision: unto each his spoor
and sign—
Lonely mountain in the Northland, misty sweat-bath
'neath the Line—

And to each a man that knows his naked soul!
White or yellow, black or copper, he is waiting,
as a lover,
Smoke of funnel, dust of hooves, or beat of train—
Where the high grass hides the horseman or the
glaring flats discover—
Where the steamer hails the landing, or the surf-boat
brings the rover—
Where the rails run out in sand-drift. . . . Quick!
ah,
For the Red Gods make their medicine again!
And we go—go—go—away from here!
On the other side the world we're overdue!
Send the road is clear before you when the old
Spring-fret comes o'er you,
And the Red Gods call for you!

"THE GIPSY TRAIL"

The white moth to the closing bine,
The bee to the opened clover,
And the gipsy blood to the gipsy blood
Ever the wide world over.

Ever the wide world over, lass,
Ever the trail held true,

Over the world and under the world,
  And back at the last to you.

Out of the dark of the gorgio camp,
  Out of the grime and the gray
(Morning waits at the end of the world),
  Gipsy, come away!

The wild boar to the sun-dried swamp,
  The red crane to her reed,
And the Romany lass to the Romany lad
  By the tie of a roving breed.

The pied snake to the rifted rock,
  The buck to the stony plain,
And the Romany lass to the Romany lad,
  And both to the road again.

Both to the road again, again!
  Out on a clean sea-track—
Follow the cross of the gipsy trail
  Over the world and back!

Follow the Romany patteran
  North where the blue bergs sail,
And the bows are gray with the frozen spray,
  And the masts are shod with mail.

Follow the Romany patteran
  Sheer to the Austral Light,
Where the besom of God is the wild South wind,
  Sweeping the sea-floors white.

Follow the Romany patteran
  West to the sinking sun,
Till the junk-sails lift through the housless drift,
  And the east and the west are one.

Follow the Romany patteran
  East where the silence broods
By a purple wave on an opal beach
  In the hush of the Mahim woods.

"The wild hawk to the wind-swept sky,
  The deer to the wholesome wold
And the heart of a man to the heart of a maid,
  As it was in the days of old."

The heart of a man to the heart of a maid—
  Light of my tents, be fleet.
Morning waits at the end of the world,
  And the world is all at our feet!

"THE LADIES"

'I've taken my fun where I've found it;
  I've rogued an' I've ranged in my time;
I've 'ad my pickin' o' sweethearts,
  An' four o' the lot was prime.
One was an 'arf-caste widow,
  One was a woman at Prome,
One was the wife of a jemadar-sais,
  An' one is a girl at 'ome.

Now I aren't no' and with the ladies,
  For, takin' 'em all along,
You never can say till you've tried 'em,
  And then you are like to be wrong.

There's times when you'll think that you mightn't,
  There's times when you'll know that you might;
But the things you will learn from the Yellow an'
    Brown,
  They'll 'elp you a lot with the White!

I was a young un at 'Oogli,
  Shy as a girl to begin;
Aggie de Castrer she made me,
  An' Aggie was clever as sin;
Older than me, but my first un—
  More like a mother she were—
Showed me the way to promotion an' pay,
  An' I learned about women from 'er!

Then I was ordered to Burma,
  Actin' in charge o' Bazar,
An' I got me a tiddy live 'eathen
  Through buyin' supplies off 'er pa.
Funny an' yellow an' faithful—
  Doll in a teacup she were,
But she lived on the square, like a true-married pair,
  An' I learned about women from 'er!

Then we was shifted to Neemuch
  (Or I might ha' been keepin' 'er now),
An' I took with a shiny she-devil,
  The wife of a nigger at Mhow;
'Taught me the gipsy-folks' bolee;
  Kind o' volcano she were,
For she knifed me one night 'cause I wished she was
    white,
  And I learned about women from 'er!

Then I come 'ome in a trooper,
  'Long of a kid o' sixteen—
Girl from a convent at Meerut,
  The straightest I ever 'ave seen.
Love at first sight was 'er trouble,
  She didn't know what it were;
An' I wouldn't do such, 'cause I liked 'er too much,
  But—I learned about women from 'er!

I've taken my fun where I've found it,
  An' now I must pay for my fun,
For the more you 'ave known o' the others
  The less will you settle to one;
An' the end of it's sittin' and thinkin',
  An' dreamin' Hell-fires to see;
So be warned by my lot (which I know you will not),
  An' learn about women from me!

What did the Colonel's Lady think?
  Nobody ever knew.
Somebody asked the Sergeant's Wife,
  An' she told 'em true!
When you get to a man in the case,
  They're like as a row of pins—
For the Colonel's Lady an' Judy O'Grady
  Are sisters under their skins!

"MANDALAY"

By The old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward to the sea,
  There's a Burma girl a-settin', and I know she thinks o' me;

For the wind is in the palm-trees, and the temple-bells they say:
"Come you back, you British soldier; come you back to Mandalay!"
Come you back to Mandalay,
Where the old Flotilla lay:
Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin' from Rangoon to Mandalay?
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin'-fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'cross the Bay!

'Er petticoat was yaller an' 'er little cap was green,
An' 'er name was Supi-yaw-lat—jes' the same as Theebaw's Queen,
An' I seed her first a-smokin' of a whackin' white cherroot,
An' a-wastin' Christian kisses on an 'eathen idol's foot:
Bloomin' idol made o' mud—
Wot they called the Great Gawd Budd—
Plucky lot she cared for idols when I kissed 'er where she stud!
On the road to Mandalay. . . .

When the mist was on the rice-fields an' the sun was droppin' slow,
She'd git 'er little banjo an' she'd sing "Kulla-lo-lo".
With 'er arm upon my shoulder an' 'er cheek again my cheek
We useter watch the steamers an' the hathis pilin' teak.

Elephints a-pilin' teak
In the sludgy, squadgy creek,
Where the silence 'ung that 'eavy you was 'arf
afraid to speak!
On the road to Mandalay. . . .

But that's all shove be'ind me—long ago an' fur
away,
An' there ain't no 'busses runnin' from the Bank
to Mandalay;
An' I'm learnin' 'ere in London what the ten-year
soldier tells:
"If you've 'eard the East a-callin', you won't never
'eed naught else."
No! you won't 'eed nothin' else
But them spicy garlic smells,
An' the sunshine an' the palm-trees an' the
tinkly temple-bells;
On the road to Mandalay. . . .

I am sick o' wastin' leather on these gritty pavin'-
stones,
An' the blasted Henglish drizzle wakes the fever in
my bones;
'Tho' I walks with fifty 'ousemaids outer Chelsea to
the Strand,
An' they talks a lot o' lovin', but wot do they under-
stand?
Beefy face an'grubby 'and—
Law! wot do they understand?
I've a neater, sweeter maiden in a cleaner,
greener land
On the road to Mandalay. . . .

Ship me somewheres east of Suez, where the best is like the worst,
Where there aren't Ten Commandments an' a man can raise a thirst;
For the temple-bells are callin', an' it's there that I would be—
By the old Moulmein Pagoda, looking lazy at the sea;
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the old Flotilla lay,
With our sick beneath the awnings when we went to Mandalay!
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin'-fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the Bay!

THE LONG TRAIL

THERE's a whisper down the field where the year has shot her yield,
And the ricks stand grey to the sun,
Singing: "Over then, come over, for the bee has quit the clover,
"And your English summer's done."
You have heard the beat of the off-shore wind,
And the thresh of the deep-sea rain;
You have heard the song—how long? how long?
Pull out on the trail again!
Ha' done with the Tents of Shem, dear lass,
We've seen the seasons through,

And it's time to turn on the old trail, our own trail, the out trail,
Pull out, pull out, on the Long Trail—the trail that is always new!

It's North you may run to the rime-ringed sun
Or South to the blind Horn's hate;
Or East all the way into Mississippi Bay,
Or West to the Golden Gate—
Where the blindest bluffs hold good, dear lass,
And the wildest tales are true,
And the men bulk big on the old trail, our own trail, the out trail,
And life runs large on the Long Trail—the trail that is always new.

The days are sick and cold, and the skies are grey and old,
And the twice-breathed airs blow damp;
And I'd sell my tired soul for the bucking beam-sea roll
Of a black Bilbao tramp,
With her load-line over her hatch, dear lass,
And a drunken Dago crew,
And her nose held down on the old trail, our own trail, the out trail
From Cadiz south on the Long Trail—the trail that is always new.

There be triple ways to take, of the eagle or the snake,
Or the way of a man with a maid;
But the sweetest way to me is a ship's upon the sea

In the heel of the North-East Trade.
Can you hear the crash on her bows, dear lass,
And the drum of the racing screw,
As she ships it green on the old trail, our own trail, the out trail,
As she lifts and 'scends on the Long Trail—the trail that is always new.

See the shaking funnels roar, with the Peter at the fore,
And the fenders grind and heave,
And the derricks clack and grate, as the tackle hooks the crate,
And the fall-rope whines through the sheave;
It's "Gang-plank up and in," dear lass,
It's "Hawsers warp her through!"
And it's "All clear aft" on the old trail, our own trail, the out trail,
We're backing down on the Long Trail—the trail that is always new.

O the mutter overside, when the port-fog holds us tied,
And the sirens hoot their dread,
When foot by foot we creep o'er the hueless viewless deep
To the sob of the questing lead!
It's down by the Lower Hope, dear lass,
With the Gunfleet Sands in view,
Till the Mouse swings green on the old trail, our own trail, the out trail,
And the Gull Light lifts on the Long Trail—the trail that is always new.

O the blazing tropic night, when the wake's a welt of light
That holds the hot sky tame,
And the steady fore-foot snores through the planet-powdered floors
Where the scared whale flukes in flame!
Her plates are flaked by the sun, dear lass,
And her ropes are taut with the dew,
For we're booming down on the old trail, our own trail, the out trail,
We're sagging south on the Long Trail—the trail that is always new.

Then home, get her home, where the drunken rollers comb,
And the shouting seas drive by,
And the engine stamp and ring, and the wet bows reel and swing,
And the Southern Cross rides high!
Yes, the old lost stars wheel back, dear lass,
That blaze in the velvet blue.
They're all old friends on the old trail, our own trail, the out trail,
They're God's own guide on the Long Trail—the trail that is always new.

Fly forward, O my heart, from the Foreland to the Start—
We're steaming all too slow,
And it's twenty thousand mile to our little lazy isle
Where the trumpet-orchids blow!
You have heard the call of the off-shore wind
And the voice of the deep-sea rain;

You have heard the song. How long—how long?
Put out on the trail again!

The Lord knows what we may find, dear lass,
And the Deuce knows what we may do—
But we're back once more on the old trail, our own trail, the out trail,
We're down, hull-down, on the Long Trail—the trail that is always new!

"THE SONS OF MARTHA"

The Sons of Mary seldom bother, for they have inherited that good part;
But the Sons of Martha favour their Mother of the careful soul and the troubled heart.
And because she lost her temper once, and because she was rude to the Lord her Guest,
Her Sons must wait upon Mary's Sons, world without end, reprieve, or rest.

It is their care in all the ages to take the buffet and cushion the shock.
It is their care that the gear engages; it is their care that the switches lock.
It is their care that the wheels run truly; it is their care to embark and entrain,
Tally, transport, and deliver duly the Sons of Mary by land and main.

They say to mountains "Be ye removed." They say to the lesser floods "Be dry."
Under their rods are the rocks reproved—they are not afraid of that which is high.

Then do the hill-tops shake to the summit—then is the bed of the deep laid bare,
That the Sons of Mary may overcome it, pleasantly sleeping and unaware.

They finger death at their gloves' end where they piece and repiece the living wires.
He rears against the gates they tend: they feed him hungry behind their fires.
Early at dawn, ere men see clear, they stumble into his terrible stall,
And hale him forth like a haltered steer, and goad and turn him till evenfall.

To these from birth is Belief forbidden; from these till death is Relief afar.
They are concerned with matters hidden—under the earth-line their altars are:
The secret fountain to follow up, waters withdrawn to restore to the mouth,
And gather the floods as in a cup, and pour them again at a city's drouth.

They do not preach that their God will rouse them a little before the nuts work loose.
They do not teach that His Pity allows them to leave their job when they damn-well choose.
As in the Thronged and the lighted ways, so in the dark and the desert they stand,
Wary and watchful all their days that their brethren's days may be long in the land.

Raise ye the stone or cleave the wood to make a path
more fair or flat;
Lo, it is black already with blood some Son of
Martha spilled for that!
Not as a ladder from earth to Heaven, not as a witness to any creed,
But simple service simply given to his own kind in
their common need.

And the Sons of Mary smile and are blessed—they
know the angels are on their side.
They know in them is the Grace confessed, and for
them are the Mercies multiplied.
They sit at the Feet—they hear the Word—they see
how truly the Promise runs.
They have cast their burden upon the Lord, and—
the Lord He lays it on Martha's Sons!

"THE SONG OF THE BANJO"

You couldn't pack a Broadwood half a mile—
You mustn't leave a fiddle in the damp—
You couldn't raft an organ up the Nile,
And play it in an Equatorial swamp.
I travel with the cooking-pots and pails—
I'm sandwiched 'tween the coffee and the pork—
And when the dusty column checks and tails,
You should hear me spur the rearguard to a walk!

With my "Pilly-willy-winky-winky-popp!"
(Oh, it's any tune that comes into my head!)
So I keep 'em moving forward till they drop;
So I play 'em up to water and to bed.

In the silence of the camp before the fight,
  When it's good to make your will and say your prayer,
You can hear my strumpty-tumpty overnight,
  Explaining ten to one was always fair.
I'm the Prophet of the Utterly Absurd,
  Of the Patently Impossible and Vain—
And when the Thing that Couldn't has occurred,
  Give me time to change my leg and go again.

With my "Tumpa-tumpa-tumpa-tumpa-tump!"
  In the desert where the dung-fed camp-smoke curled.
There was never voice before us till I led our lonely chorus,
  I—the war-drum of the White Man round the world!

By the bitter road the Younger Son must tread,
  Ere he win to hearth and saddle of his own,—
'Mid the riot of the shearers at the shed,
  In the silence of the herder's hut alone—
In the twilight, on a bucket upside down,
  Hear me babble what the weakest won't confess—
I am Memory and Torment—I am Town!
  I am all that ever went with evening dress!

With my Tunka-tunka-tunka-tunka-tunk!"
  (So the lights—the London Lights—grow near and plain!)
So I rowel 'em afresh towards the Devil and the Flesh,
  Till I bring my broken rankers home again.

In desire of many marvels over sea,
  Where the new-raised tropic city sweats and roars,
I have sailed with Young Ulysses from the quay
  Till the anchor rumbled down on stranger shores.
He is blooded to the open and the sky,
  He is taken in a snare that shall not fail,
He shall hear me singing strongly, till he die,
  Like the shouting of a backstay in a gale.

With my "Hya! Heeya! Heeya! Hullah! Haul!"
  (Oh the green that thunders aft along the deck!)
Are you sick o' towns and men? You must sign and sail again,
  For it's "Johnny Bowlegs, pack your kit and trek!"

Through the gorge that gives the stars at noon-day clear—
  Up the pass that packs the scud beneath our wheel—
Round the bluff that sinks her thousand fathom sheer—
  Down the valley with our guttering brakes asqueal:
Where the trestle groans and quivers in the snow,
  Where the many-shedded levels loop and twine.
Hear me lead my reckless children from below.
  Till we sing the Song of Roland to the pine!

With my "Tinka-tinka-tinka-tinka-tink!"
  (Oh the axe has cleared the mountain, croup and crest!)
And we ride the iron stallions down to drink,
  Through the canons to the waters of the West!

And the tunes that mean so much to you alone—
  Common tunes that make you choke and blow your nose,
Vulgar tunes that bring the laugh that brings the groan—
  I can rip your very heartstrings out with those;
With the feasting, and the folly, and the fun—
  And the lying, and the lusting, and the drink,
And the merry play that drops you, when you're done,
  To the thoughts that burn like irons if you think.

With my "Plunka-lunka-lunka-lunka-lunk!"
  Here's a trifle on account of pleasure past,
Ere the wit that made you win gives you eyes to see your sin
  And—the heavier repentance at the last!

Let the organ moan her sorrow to the roof—
  I have told the naked stars the Grief of Man!
Let the trumpet snare the foeman to the proof—
  I have known Defeat, and mocked it as we ran!
May bray ye may not alter nor mistake
  When I stand to jeer the fatted Soul of Things,
But the Song of Lost Endeavour that I make,
  Is it hidden in the twanging of the strings?

  With my "ta-ra-rara-rara-ra-ra-rrp!"
    (Is it naught to you that hear and pass me by?)
  But the word—the word is mine, when the order moves the line
    And the lean, locked ranks go roaring down to die!

The grandam of my grandam was the Lyre—
  (O the blue below the little fisher-huts!)
That the Stealer stooping beachward filled with fire,
  Till she bore my iron head and ringing guts!
By the wisdom of the centuries I speak—
  To the tune of yestermorn I set the truth—
I, the joy of life unquestioned—I, the Greek—
  I, the everlasting Wonder-song of Youth!

With my "tinka-tinka-tinka-tink!"
  (What d'ye lack, my noble masters? What d'ye lack?)
So I draw the world together link by link:
  Yea, from Delos up to Limerick and back!

"GREAT HEART"

IN MEMORIAM

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

CONCERNING brave Captains
  Our age hath made known
For all men to honour,
  One standeth alone,
Of whom, o'er both oceans
  Both Peoples may say:
"Our realm is diminished
  With Great-Heart away."

In purpose unsparing,
  In action no less,
The labours he praised
  He would seek and profess

Through travail and battle,
  At hazard and pain.
And our world is none the braver
  Since Great-Heart was ta'en!

Plain speech with plain folk,
  And plain words for false things,
Plain faith in plain dealing
  'Twixt neighbours or kings
He used and he followed,
  However it sped. . . .
Oh, our world is none more honest
  Now Great-Heart is dead!

The heat of his spirit
  Struck warm through all lands;
For he loved such as showed
  'Emselves men of their hands;
In love, as in hate,
  Playing home to the last. . . .
But our world is none the kinder
  Now Great-Heart hath passed!

Hard-schooled by long power,
  Yet most humble of mind
Where aught that he was
  Might advantage mankind.
Leal servant, loved master,
  Rare comrade, sure guide. . . .
Oh, our world is none the safer
  Now Great-Heart hath died!

Let those who would handle
  Make sure they can wield

His far-reaching sword
  And his close-guarding shield;
For those who must journey
  Henceforward alone
Have need of stout convoy
  Now Great-Heart is gone.

HENRY HERBERT KNIBBS

1874—

OUT THERE SOMEWHERE

As I was hiking past the woods, the cool and sleepy summer woods,
  I saw a guy a-talking to the sunshine in the air;
Thinks I, he's going to have a fit—I'll stick around and watch a bit;
  But he paid no attention, hardly knowing I was there.

He must have been a college guy, for he was talking big and high,—
  The trees were standing all around as silent as a church—
A little closer I saw he was manufacturing poetry,
  Just like a Mocker sitting on a pussy-willow perch.

I squatted down and rolled a smoke and listened to each word he spoke;
  He never stumbled, reared or broke; he never missed a word,
And though he was a Bo like me, he'd been a gent once, I could see;
  I ain't much strong on poetry, but this is what I heard:

"We'll dance a merry saraband from here to drowsy Samarcand.
Along the sea, across the land, the birds are flying South,
And you, my sweet Penelope, out there somewhere you wait for me,
With buds of roses in your hair and kisses on your mouth.

"The mountains are all hid in mist; the valley is like amethyst;
The poplar leaves they turn and twist; oh, silver, silver green!
Out there somewhere along the sea a ship is waiting patiently,
While up the beach the bubbles slip with white afloat between.

"The tide-hounds race far up the shore—the hunt is on! The breakers roar,
(Her spars are tipped with gold and o'er her deck the spray is flung);
The buoys that rollic in the bay, they nod the way, they nod the way!
The hunt is up! I am the prey! The hunter's bow is strung!"

"Out there somewhere—" says I to me. "By Gosh! I guess that's poetry!
Out there somewhere—Penelope—with kisses on her mouth!"
And then, thinks I, "O college guy, your talk it gets me in the eye,
The North is creeping in the air; the birds are flying South."

And yet, the sun was shining down, a-blazing on the little town,
  A mile or so 'way down the track a-dancing in the sun,
But somehow, as I waited there, there came a shiver in the air;
  "The birds are flying South," he says. "The winter has begun."

Says I, "Then let's be on the float; you certainly have got my goat;
  You make me hungry in my throat for seeing things that's new.
Out there somewhere we'll ride the range a-looking for the new and strange;
  My feet are tired and need a change. Come on! It's up to you!

"There ain't no sweet Penelope somewhere that's longing much for me,
  But I can smell the blundering sea and hear the rigging hum;
And I can hear the whispering lips that fly before the outbound ships,
  And I can hear the breakers on the sand a-booming 'Come!' "

And then that slim, poetic guy, he turned and looked me in the eye:
  ". . . It's overland and overland and overseas to—where?"
"Most anywhere that isn't here," I says. His face went kind of queer:
  "The place we're in is always here. The other place is there."

He smiled, though, as my eye caught his. "Then what a lot of there there is
To go and see and go and see and go and see some more."
He did a fancy step or two. Says he, "I think I'll go with you—"
. . . Two moons, and we were baking in the straits at Singapore.

Around the world and back again; we saw it all. The mist and rain
In England and the dry old plain from Needles to Berdoo.
We kept a-rambling all the time. I rustled grub, he rustled rhyme—
Blind-baggage, hoof it, ride or climb—we always put it through.

Just for a con I'd like to know (yes, he crossed over long ago;
And he was right, believe me, Bo!) if somewhere in the South,
Down where the clouds lie on the sea, he found his sweet Penelope,
With buds of roses in her hair and kisses on her mouth.

FREDERICK L. KNOWLES

1869—

LOVE TRIUMPHANT

HELEN's lips are drifting dust;
Ilion is consumed with rust;
All the galleons of Greece
Drink the ocean's dreamless peace;
Lost was Solomon's purple show
Restless centuries ago;
Stately empires wax and wane—
Babylon, Barbary and Spain;
Only one thing undefaced,
Lasts, though all the worlds lie waste
And the heavens are overturned
—Dear, how long ago we learned!

There's a sight that blinds the sun,
Sound that lives when sounds are done,
Music that rebukes the birds,
Language lovelier than words,
Hue and scent that shame the rose,
Wine no earthly vineyard knows,
Silence stiller than the shore
Swept by Charon's stealthy oar,
Ocean more divinely free
Than Pacific's boundless sea—
Ye who love have learned it true
—Dear, how long ago we knew!

WILLIAM KNOX

1789—1825

OH, WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall molder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection who proved;
The husband that mother and infant who blessed,
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those who loved her and praised,
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the scepter hath borne,
The brow of the priest that the miter hath worn,
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman who climbed with his goats up the steep,
The beggar who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven,
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower and the weed
That wither away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same that our fathers have been;
We see the same sights that our fathers have seen,
We drink the same stream and view the same sun,
And run the same course that our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking from, they too would shrink,
To the life we are clinging to, they too would cling;
But it speeds from the earth, like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but their story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers will come;
They joyed, but the voice of their gladness is dumb.

They died—ay! they died: and we things that
  are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwelling a transient abode,
Meet the changes they met on their pilgrimage
  road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, the song and the
  dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a
  breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of
  death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the
  shroud—
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

LA FONTAINE

1621—1695

FRENCH

THE COCK AND THE FOX

Upon a tree there mounted guard
  A veteran cock, adroit and cunning;
When to the roots a fox up running
  Spoke thus, in tones of kind regard:—
"Our quarrel, brother, 's at an end;
  Henceforth I hope to live your friend;
    For peace now reigns
    Throughout the animal domains.

I bear the news. Come down, I pray,
And give me the embrace fraternal;
And please, my brother, don't delay:
So much the tidings do concern all,
That I must spread them far to-day.
Now you and yours can take your walks
Without a fear or thought of hawks;
And should you clash with them or others,
In us you'll find the best of brothers;—
For which you may, this joyful night,
Your merry bonfires light.
But, first, let's seal the bliss
With one fraternal kiss."
"Good friend," the cock replied, "upon my word,
A better thing I never heard;
And doubly I rejoice
To hear it from your voice:
And, really, there must be something in it,
For yonder come two greyhounds, which, I flatter
Myself, are couriers on this very matter;
They come so fast, they'll be here in a minute.
I'll down, and all of us will seal the blessing
With general kissing and caressing."
"Adieu," said Fox; "my errand's pressing;
I'll hurry on my way,
And we'll rejoice some other day."

So off the fellow scampered, quick and light,
To gain the fox-holes of a neighboring height,—
Less happy in his stratagem than flight.
The cock laughed sweetly in his sleeve;—
'Tis doubly sweet deceiver to deceive.

CHARLES LAMB

1775—1834

A FAREWELL TO TOBACCO

MAY the Babylonish curse
Strait confound my stammering verse,
If I can a passage see
In this word-perplexity,
Or a fit expression find,
Or a language to my mind,
(Still the phrase is wide or scant)
To take leave of thee, GREAT PLANT!
Or in any terms relate
Half my love, or half my hate:
For I hate, yet love, thee so,
That, whichever thing I shew,
The plain truth will seem to be
A constrain'd hyperbole,
And the passion to proceed
More from a mistress than a weed.

Sooty retainer to the vine,
Bacchus' black servant, negro fine;
Sorcerer, that mak'st us dote upon
Thy begrimed complexion,
And, for thy pernicious sake,
More and greater oaths to break
Than reclaimed lovers take
'Gainst women: thou thy siege dost lay
Much too in the female way,
While thou suck'st the lab'ring breath
Faster than kisses or than death.

Thou in such a cloud dost bind us,
That our worst foes cannot find us,
And ill fortune, that would thwart us,
Shoots at rovers, shooting at us;
While each man, thro' thy height'ning steam,
Does like a smoking Etna seem,
And all about us does express
(Fancy and wit in richest dress)
A Sicilian fruitfulness.

Thou through such a mist dost shew us,
That our best friends do not know us,
And, for those allowed features,
Due to reasonable creatures,
Liken'st us to fell Chimeras,
Monsters that, who see us, fear us;
Worse than Cerberus or Geryon,
Or, who first lov'd a cloud, Ixion.

Bacchus we know, and we allow
His tipsy rites. But what art thou,
That but by reflex can'st shew
What his deity can do,
As the false Egyptian spell
Aped the true Hebrew miracle?
Some few vapours thou may'st raise,
The weak brain may serve to amaze,
But to the reigns and nobler heart
Can'st nor life nor heat impart.

Brother of Bacchus, later born,
The old world was sure forlorn,

Wanting thee, that aidest more
The god's victories than before
All his panthers, and the brawls
Of his piping Bacchanals.
These, as stale, we disallow,
Or judge of *thee* meant: only thou.

His true Indian conquest art;
AND, for ivy round his dart,
The reformed god now weaves
A finer thyrus of thy leaves.
Scent to match thy rich perfume
Chemic art did ne'er presume
Through her quaint alembic strain,
None so sovereign to the brain.
Nature, that did in the excel,
Framed again no second smell
Roses, violets, but toys
For the smaller sort of boys,
Or for greener damsels meant;
Thou art the only manly scent,
Stinking'st of the stinking kind,
Filth of the mouth and fog of the mind,
Africa, that brags her foyson,
Breeds no such prodigous poisons,
Henbane, nightshade, both together,
Hemlock, aconite
Nay, rather,
Plant divine, of rarest virtue;
Blisters on the tongue would hurt you.
'Twas but in a sort I blam'd thee;
None e'er prosper'd who defam'd thee;
Irony all, and feign'd abuse,

Such as perplext lovers use,
At a need, when, in despair
To paint forth their fairest fair,
Or in part but to express
That exceeding comeliness
Which their fancies doth do strike,
They borrow language of dislike;
And, instead of Dearest Miss,
Jewel, Honey, Sweetheart, Bliss,
And those forms of old admiring,
Call her Cockatrice and Siren,
Basilisk, and all that's evil,
Witch, Hyena, Mermaid, Devil,
Ethiop, Wench, and Blackamoor,
Monkey, Ape, and twenty more;
Friendly Trait'ress, loving Foe,—
Not that she is truly so,
But no other way they know
A contentment to express,
Borders so upon excess,
That they do not rightly wot
Whether it be pain or not.

Or, as men, constrain'd to part
With what's nearest to their heart,
While their sorrow's at the height,
Lose discrimination quite,
And their hasty wrath let fall,
To appease their frantic gall,
On the darling thing whatever
Whence they feel it death to sever,
Though it be, as they, perforce,
Guiltless of the sad divorce.

For I must (nor let it grieve thee,
Friendliest of plants, that I must) leave thee.
For thy sake, TOBACCO, I
Would do any thing but die,
And but seek to extend my days
Long enough to sing thy praise.
But, as she, who once hath been
A king's consort, is a queen
Ever after, nor will bate
Any title of her state,
Though a widow, or divorced,
So I, from thy converse forced,
The old name and style retain,
A right Katherine of Spain;
And a seat, too, 'mongst the joys
Of the blest Tobacco Boys;
Where, though I, by sour physician,
Am debarr'd the full fruition
Of thy favours, I may catch
Some collateral sweets, and snatch
Sidelong odours, that give life
Like glances from a neighbour's wife;
And still live in the places
And the suberbs of thy graces;
And in thy borders take delight,
An unconquer'd Canaanite.

NONSENSE VERSES

LAZY-BONES, lazy-bones, wake up, and peep!
The cat's in the cupboard, your mother's asleep.
There you sit snoring, forgetting her ills;
Who is to give her her Bolus and Pills?

Twenty fine Angels must come into town,
All for to help you to make your new gown:
Dainty AERIAL Spinsters, and Singers;
Aren't you ashamed to employ such white fingers?
Delicate hands, unaccustom'd to reels,
To set 'em a working a poor body's wheels?
Why they came down is to me all a riddle,
And left HALLELUJAH broke off in the middle:
Jove's Court, and the Presence angelical, cut—
To eke out the work of a lazy young slut.
Angel-duck, Angel-duck, winged, and silly,
Pouring a watering-pot over a lily,
Gardener gratuitous, careless of pelf,
Leave her to water her lily herself,
Or to neglect it to death if she chuse it:
Remember the loss is her own, if she lose it.

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days,
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies,
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women;
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man;
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like, I paced round the haunts of my childhood.
Earth seemed a desart I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces—

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

FREDERICK LOCKER LAMPSON

1821—1895

TO MY GRANDMOTHER

This relative of mine,
Was she seventy-and-nine
  When she died?
By the canvas may be seen
How she look'd at seventeen,
  As a bride.

Beneath a summer tree,
Her maiden reverie
  Has a charm;
Her ringlets are in taste;
What an arm! . . . what a waist
  For an arm!

With her bridal-wreath, bouquet,
Lace farthingale, and gay
  Falbala,
Were Romney's limning true,
What a lucky dog were you,
  Grandpapa!

Her lips are sweet as love;
They are parting! Do they move?
  Are they dumb?
Her eyes are blue, and beam
Beseechingly, and seem
  To say, "Come!"

What funny fancy slips
From atween these cherry lips!
  Whisper me,
Sweet sorceress in paint,
What canon says I mayn't
  Marry thee?

That good-for-nothing Time
Has a confidence sublime!
  When I first
Saw this lady, in my youth,
Her winters had, forsooth,
  Done their worst.

Her locks, as white as snow,
Once sham'd the swarthy crow:
  By-and-by
That fowl's avenging sprite
Set his cruel foot for spite
  Near her eye.

Her rounded form was lean,
And her silk was bombazine:
  Well I wot
With her needles would she sit,
And for hours would she knit,—
  Would she not?

Ah, perishable clay!
Her charms had dropp'd away
  One by one;
But if she heav'd a sigh
With a burden, it was, "Thy
  Will be done."

In travail, as in tears,
With the fardel of her years
  Overpast,
In mercy she was borne
Where the weary and the worn
  Are at rest.

Oh, if you now are there,
And sweet as once you were,
  Grandmamma,
This nether world agrees
'Twill all the better please
  Grandpapa.

TO MY MISTRESS

COUNTESS, I see the flying year,
And feel how Time is wasting here:
Ay, more, he soon his worst will do,
And garner all your roses too.

It pleases Time to fold his wings
Around our best and fairest things;
He'll mar your blooming cheek, as now
He stamps his mark upon my brow.

The same mute planets rise and shine
To rule your days and nights as mine:
Once I was young and gay, and, see . . .
What I am now you soon will be.

And yet I boast a certain charm
That shields me from your worst alarm;
And bids me gaze, with front sublime,
On all these ravages of Time.

You boast a gift to charm the eyes,
I boast a gift that Time defies:
For mine will still be mine, and last
When all your pride of beauty's past.

My gift may long embalm the lures
Of eyes—ah, sweet to me as yours!
For ages hence the great and good
Will judge you as I choose they should.

In days to come, the peer or clown,
With whom I still shall win renown,
Will only know that you were fair
Because I chanced to say you were.

Proud Lady! Scornful beauty mocks
At aged heads and silver locks;
But think awhile before you fly,
Or spurn a poet such as I.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

1775—1864

LOVE IS ENOUGH

Love is enough: though the world be a-waning,
And the woods have no voice but the voice of complaining,
Though the sky be too dark for dim eyes to discover
The gold-cups and daisies fair blooming thereunder,
Though the hills be held shadows, and the sea a dark wonder,
And this day draw a veil over all deeds passed over,
Yet their hands shall not tremble, their feet shall not falter;
The wind shall not weary, the fear shall not alter
These lips and these eyes of the loved and the lover.

A LYRIC

You smiled, you spoke, and I believed,
By every word and smile deceived.
Another man would hope no more;
Nor hope I what I hoped before:
But let not this last wish be vain;
Deceive, deceive me once again!

ON LUCRETIA BORGIA'S HAIR

Borgia, thou once wert almost too august
And high for adoration; now thou'rt dust;
All that remains of thee these plaits unfold,
Calm hair meandering in pellucid gold.

ROSE AYLMER

Ah, what avails the sceptred race!
  Ah, what the form divine!
What every virtue, every grace!
  Rose Aylmer, all were thine.

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
  May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and sighs
  I consecrate to thee.

ANDREW LANG

1844—1912

DOUBLE BALLADE OF PRIMITIVE MAN

He lived in a cave by the seas,
  He lived upon oysters and foes,
But his list of forbidden degrees
  An extensive morality shows;
Geological evidence goes
  To prove he had never a pan,
But he shaved with a shell when he chose,—
  'Twas the manner of Primitive Man.

He worshipp'd the rain and the breeze,
  He worshipp'd the river that flows,
And the Dawn, and the Moon, and the trees
  And bogies, and serpents, and crows;
He buried his dead with their toes
  Tucked-up, an original plan,
Till their knees came right under their nose,—
  'Twas the manner of Primitive Man.

His communal wives, at his ease,
  He would curb with occasional blows
Or his State had a queen, like the bees
  (As another philosopher trows):
When he spoke, it was never in prose,
  But he sang in a strain that would scan,
For (to doubt it, perchance, were morose)
  'Twas the manner of Primitive Man!

On the coasts that incessantly freeze,
  With his stones, and his bones, and his bows,
On luxuriant tropical leas,
  Where the summer eternally glows,
He is found, and his habits disclose
  (Let theology say what she can)
That he lived in the long, long agos,
  'Twas the manner of Primitive Man!

From a status like that of the Crees
  Our society's fabric arose,—
Develop'd, evolved, if you please,
  But deluded chronologists chose,
In a fancied accordance with Mos
  es, 4000 B.C. for the span
When he rushed on the world and its woes,—
  'Twas the manner of Primitive Man.

But the mild anthropologist—*he's*
  Not *recent* inclined to suppose
Flints Palæolithic like these,
  Quaternary bones such as those!
In Rhinoceros, Mammoth and Co.'s
  First epoch the Human began
Theologians all to expose,—
  'Tis the *mission* of Primitive Man.

ENVOY

Max, proudly your Aryans pose,
  But their rigs they undoubtedly ran,
For, as every Darwinian knows,
  'Twas the manner of Primitive Man!

Andrew Lang.

ÆSOP

He sat among the woods; he heard
  The sylvan merriment; he saw
The pranks of butterfly and bird,
  The humors of the ape, the daw.

And in the lion or the frog,—
  In all the life of moor and fen,—
In ass and peacock, stork and dog,
  He read similitudes of men.

"Of these, from those," he cried, "we come,
  Our hearts, our brains descend from these."
And, lo! the Beasts no more were dumb,
  But answered out of brakes and trees:

"Not ours," they cried; "Degenerate,
  If ours at all," they cried again,
"Ye fools, who war with God and Fate,
  Who strive and toil; strange race of men.

"For *we* are neither bond nor free,
  For *we* have neither slaves nor kings;
But near to Nature's heart are we,
  And conscious of her secret things.

"Content are we to fall asleep,
  And well content to wake no more;
We do not laugh, we do not weep,
  Nor look behind us and before:

"But were there cause for moan or mirth,
  'T is we, not you, should sigh or scorn,
Oh, latest children of the Earth,
  Most childish children Earth has born."

. . . . . .

They spoke, but that misshapen slave
  Told never of the thing he heard,
And unto men their portraits gave,
  In likenesses of beast and bird!

BALLADE OF BLUE CHINA

There's a joy without canker or cark,
There's a pleasure eternally new,
'Tis to gloat on the glaze and the mark
Of china that's ancient and blue:
Unchipped all the centuries through
It has passed, since the chime of it rang,
And they fashioned it, figure and hue,
In the reign of the Emperor Hwang.

These dragons (their tails, you remark,
Into bunches of gillyflowers grew)
When Noah came out of the ark,
Did these lie in wait for his crew?
They snorted, they snapped and they slew,
They were mighty of fin and of fang,
And their portraits Celestial drew
In the reign of the Emperor Hwang.

Here's a pot with a cot in a park,
In a park where the peach-blossoms blew,
Where the lovers eloped in the dark,
Lived, died, and were changed into two
Bright birds that eternally flew
Through the boughs of the may, as they sang:
'Tis a tale was undoubtedly true
In the reign of the Emperor Hwang.

ENVOY

Come, snarl at my ecstasies, do,
Kind critic; your "tongue has a tang,"
But—a sage never heeded a shrew
In the reign of the Emperor Hwang.

THE ODYSSEY

As one that for a weary space has lain
  Lulled by the song of Circe and her wine
  In gardens near the pale of Proserpine,
Where that Ææan isle forgets the main,
And only the low lutes of love complain,
  And only shadows of wan lovers pine—
  As such an one were glad to know the brine
Salt on his lips, and the large air again—
So gladly from the songs of modern speech
  Men turn, and see the stars, and feel the free
    Shrill wind beyond the close of heavy flowers,
    And through the music of the languid hours
They hear like Ocean on a western beach
  The surge and thunder of the Odyssey.

WILLIAM LANGLAND

1330—1400

FROM THE PROLOGUE OF "THE VISION OF PIERS THE PLOWMAN"

In a summer season, when soft was the sun,
I clad myself coarsely as I a shepherd were:
In habit as an hermit unholy of works,
Went I wide in this world wonders to hear.
And on a May morning on Malvern Hills,
Befell me a wonder of fairy, I thought.
I was weary, far-wandered, and went me to rest
Under a broad bank by a burn-side;
And as I lay and leaned and looked on the waters,
I slumbered into a sleeping, it sounded so merry.
Then 'gan I to dream a wonderful dream
That I wandered a wilderness, wist I never where.
As I beheld into the East on high to the sun,
I saw a tower on a hill-top, splendidly built,
A deep dale beneath, a donjon therein,
With deep ditches and dark, and dreadful of sight.
A fair field full of folk I found there between,
Of all manner of men, the mean and the rich,
Working and wandering as the world asketh.
Some put them to the plough, and played full seldom,
In setting and sowing they labored full hard,
Winning what wasters with gluttony destroy.
And some put them to pride, apparelled them thereafter,
In countenance of clothing strangely disguised.
To prayers and penances many applied them:

All for the love of our Lord living full strictly,
In hope to have hereafter heaven-kingdom bliss:
As anchorites and hermits that keep in their cells
And covet naught in the country to gad all about,
By no luxurious living their body to please.
And some chose to chaffer, their chances to better,
For it seemed to my sight that such men most thrive;
And some made mirth as minstrels are able,
And got gold with their glee, guiltless, I deem them.
But jesters and jugglers, Judas's children,
Feigned them fantasies and made themselves fools,
Yet have wit at will to work if they need.
I dare not prove here that Paul of them preaches:
For "Whoso speaks shameful speech" is Lucifer's hind.
Beggars and petitioners right busily wandered,
With their bellies and their bags of bread fully-crammed,
Flattered for their food, fought at the ale-house.
In gluttony, God wot, go they to bed,
And rise with ribaldry, these Robert's knaves:
Sleep and sorry sloth pursue them forever.
Pilgrims and palmers plighted them together
For to seek Saint Jame and saints at Rome:
They went forth on their way with many wise tales,
And had leave to lie all their lives after.
I saw some that said they had sought out the saints:
In every tale told their tongues were trained to lie
More than to say sooth, it seemed by their speech.
Hermit's in a crowd with hookèd staves
Wended to Walsingham, and their wenches came after.

Great lubbers and long that loath were to work
Clothed them in copes to be counted as brethren
And habited themselves hermits their ease for to have.
I found there the friars of all the four orders,
Preaching to the people for profit of themselves:
They glosed the gospel as seemed to them good;
For covetousness of copes, they construed as they would.
Many of these masters now clothe them to their liking,
For their money and merchandise marchen together.
For since Charity has been chapman and chief in shriving lords,
Many marvels have befallen in a few years.
There preached a pardoner as if he were a priest,
Brought forth a bull with many bishops' seals,
And said that himself might absolve them all
For breaking of fast-days and vows they had broken.
Laymen loved it well and liked his words,
Came up to him kneeling and kissed the bulls.
He stopped their mouths with his brief and bleared their eyes
And gained with his register rings and brooches.
Thus they give up their gold these gluttons to keep,
And grant it to losels as lechery hunt.
Were the bishop y-blessèd and worth both his ears
He would not send his seal for deceiving the people,
Yet not against the bishop the pardoner preaches,
But the parish priest and the pardoner part the silver
That the poor of the parish would have, but for them.

* * * * *

Yet hovered a hundred in coifs of silk,
Serjeants, it seemed, that served at the bar
And pleaded the law for pennies and pounds,
But not once loose their lips for love of our Lord.
You might better measure mist on Malvern Hills
Then get a mumble from their mouths until money
be shown.

* * * * *

Bakers and brewers and butchers a-many
Websters of wool and websters of linen.
Tailors and tinkers and toll-takers in markets,
Masons and miners and many a craft.
Of all sorts of laborers went about some,
Such as ditchers and delvers that do their deeds ill
And drag out the long day in "God save you, Dame
Emma."
Cooks and their knaves cried, "Hot pies, hot!
Good geese and pigs! Come out to dine!"
Taverners in turn with them shouted the song,
"White wine of Alsace and red wine of Gascoigne,
Wine of the Rhine and of Rochelle to wash down
the roast!"

All this I saw sleeping, and seven times more.

GEORGE THOMAS LANIGAN

1845—1886

THE AHKOOND OF SWAT

"The Ahkoond of Swat is dead."—London Papers of Jan. 22, 1878.

WHAT, what, what,
    What's the news from Swat?
    Sad news,
    Bad news,
Comes by the cable led
Through the Indian Ocean's bed,
Through the Persian Gulf, the Red
Sea and the Med-
Iterranean—he's dead;
The Ahkoond is dead!

For the Ahkoond I mourn,
    Who wouldn't?
He strove to disregard the message stern,
    But he Ahkoodn't.
Dead, dead, dead:
    (Sorrow, Swats!)
Swats wha hae wi' Ahkoond bled,
Swats whom he hath often led
Onward to a gory bed,
    Or to victory,
    As the case might be.
        Sorrow, Swats!
Tears shed,
    Shed tears like water.
Your great Ahkoond is dead!
    That Swats the matter!

Mourn, city of Swat,
Your great Ahkoond is not,
But laid 'mid worms to rot.
His mortal part alone, his soul was caught
(Because he was a good Ahkoond)
Up to the bosom of Mahound.
Though earthly walls his frame surround
(Forever hallowed by the ground!)

And skeptics mock the lowly mound
And say "He's now of no Ahkoond!"
His soul is in the skies—
The azure skies that bend above his loved
Metropolis of Swat.
He sees with larger, other eyes,
Athwart all earthly mysteries—
He knows what's Swat.

Let Swat bury the great Ahkoond
With a noise of mourning and of lamentation!
Let Swat bury the great Ahkoond
With the noise of the mourning of the Swattish nation!
Fallen is at length
Its tower of strength;
Its sun is dimmed ere it had nooned;
Dead lies the great Ahkoond,
The great Ahkoond of Swat
Is not!

SIDNEY LANIER

1842—1881

"THE MARSHES OF GLYNN"

As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery sod,
Behold I will build me a nest on the greatness of God:
I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh-hen flies
In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the marsh and the skies:
By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends in the sod
I will heartily lay me a-hold on the greatness of God:
Oh, like to the greatness of God is the greatness within
The range of the marshes, the liberal marshes of Glynn.

And the sea lends large, as the marsh: lo, out of his plenty the sea
Pours fast: full soon the time of the flood-tide must be:
Look how the grace of the sea doth go
About and about through the intricate channels that flow
Here and there,
Everywhere,

Till his waters have flooded the uttermost creeks and the low-lying lanes,
And the marsh is meshed with a million veins,

That like as with rosy and slivery essences flow
  In the rose-and-silver evening glow.
    Farewell, my lord Sun!

The creeks overflow: a thousand rivulets run
'Twixt the roots of the sod; the blades of the marsh-
    grass stir;
Passeth a hurrying sound of wings that westward
    whirr;
Passeth, and all is still; and the currents cease to
    run;
And the sea and the marsh are one.

How still the plains of the waters be!
The tide in his ecstasy.
The tide is at his highest height:
    And it is night.

And now from the Vast of the Lord will the waters
    of sleep
Roll in on the souls of men,
But who will reveal to our waking ken
The forms that swim and the shapes that creep
    Under the waters of sleep?
And I would I could know what swimmeth below
    when the tide comes in
On the length and breadth of the marvellous marshes
    of Glynn.

EDWARD LEAR

1813—1888

THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT

THE Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea
  In a beautiful pea-green boat:
They took some honey, and plenty of money
  Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the stars above,
  And sang to a small guitar,
"Oh, lovely Pussy, oh, Pussy, my love,
  What a beautiful Pussy you are,
        You are,
        You are!
  What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl,
  How charmingly sweet you sing!
Oh, let us be married; too long we have tarried:
  But what shall we do for a ring?"
They sailed away for a year and a day,
  To the land where the bong-tree grows;
And there in the wood a Piggy-wig stood,
  With a ring at the end of his nose,
        His nose,
        His nose,
  With a ring at the end of his nose.

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
  Your ring?" Said the Piggy, "I will."
So they took it away and were married next day
  By the Turkey who lives on the hill.

They dined on mince and slices of quince,
  Which they ate with a runcible spoon;
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
  They danced by the light of the moon,
    The moon,
    The moon,
  They danced by the light of the moon.

RICHARD LE GALLIENE

1866—

BALLADE OF THE HANGING GARDENS OF BABYLON

THE fierce queen wearied, and she smote her hands:
  "Summon my lord, the King," she spake and sighed,
"I sicken of these steaming shallow lands!"
  Nebuchadnezzar stood there by her side,
  Suppliant. She turned upon him, eagle-eyed;
"O King, would thou and Babylon ne'er had been!
  I die for pines and storms." "Amytis, bride,
There shall be hanging gardens for my queen."

"O for Assyria, where each mountain stands,
  With pine-trees to the peak, and the great stride
Of the north wind, voiced as a god's commands,
  Shakes forests into music far and wide,
  Iron and granite song; and horsemen ride
By foam of torrents, laughing, lances keen—
  But I mid ooze and baking bricks must bide. . . ."
"There shall be hanging gardens for my queen."

Night fell, and morning rose with crimson bands,
  About her couch the tiring maidens glide,
And one that wove her hair in shining strands
  Spake softly: "Vouch, great queen, to gaze outside,
  Beyond the curtains"—and Amytis cried,
And laughed and wept for what her eyes had seen—
  Assyria at her window magnified!—
"There shall be hanging gardens for my queen."

ENVOI

"Queen," spake the King, "is thy heart satisfied?
  Unnumbered slaves and Night have wrought this scene—
The rocks and pines of thy Assyrian pride:
  There shall be hanging gardens for my queen."

BALLADE OF THE JUNK-MAN

UPON the summer afternoon,
  Wafted across the orchard trees,
There comes a ghostly travelling tune,
  Blent with the sleepy drone of bees;
  Elfin, aerial it is,
Like shaken bells of silver rain,
  And creepy as old melodies—
The junk-man's coming down the lane.

The ancient hat, the worn-out shoon,
  The broken-hearted fineries,
The yellowed news, dead as the moon,
  The rust, the rubbish, and the lees,

The tarnished trophy, gallantries
Gone to the moth—this clouded cane!
This buckle brave!—for such as these
The junk-man's coming down the lane.

O thou that wooest deep in June,
Hearken! and thou so fain to seize
Joy, and to hoard it, late and soon,
Thou lord of many locks and keys,
Thick lies the dust—though no man sees—
Upon thy dream; Time sees it plain
On the bright wings, long ere it flees
The junk-man's coming down the lane.

ENVOI

Prince, 'tis a thought our veins to freeze:
Time doth all hallowed things profane,
And toss about the centuries—
The junk-man's coming down the lane.

WHEN I AM VERY OLD

When I am very old and none there is
To lift their lips to mine, a flower's cup,
When I have drunken all life's vintage up,
And none shall find me good to see or touch,
And only Death shall find me good to kiss;
I think I shall not sorrow overmuch,
So long as April bares her flowering breast
In secret woodlands, and, with eyes of dew,
Lies to the others as once to me and you!

CHARLES LEVER

1806—1872

THE WIDOW MALONE

Did you hear of the Widow Malon!
O hone!
Who lived in the town of Athlone
Alone?
O, she melted the hearts
Of the swains in them parts;
So lovely the Widow Malone,
O hone!
So lovely the Widow Malone.

Of lovers she had a full score
Or more;
And fortunes they all had galore
In store;
From the minister down
To the clerk of the Crown,
All were courting the Widow Malone
O hone!
All were courting the Widow Malone.

But so modest was Mrs. Malone,
'Twas known,
That no one could see her alone,
O hone!
Let them ogle and sigh,
They could ne'er catch her eye;
So bashful the Widow Malone,
O hone!
So bashful the Widow Malone.

Till one Mister O'Brien from Clare,
How quare!
'Tis little for blushing they care
Down there;
Put his arm around her waist,
Gave ten kisses at laste,
And says he, "You're my Molly Malone,
My own."
Says he, "You're my Molly Malone."

And the widow they all thought so shy—
My eye!
Never thought of a simper or sigh:
For why?
"O Lucius," said she,
"Since you've now made so free,
You may marry your Mary Malone,
Your own;
You may marry your Mary Malone."

There's a moral contained in my song,
Not wrong;
And one comfort it's not very long,
But strong:—
If for widows you die,
Learn to kiss—not to sigh,
For they're all like sweet Mistress Malone!
O hone!
O they're all like sweet Mistress Malone!

THE POPE

The Pope he leads a happy life,
He fears not married care nor strife.
He drinks the best of Rhenish wine,—
I would the Pope's gay lot were mine.

But yet all happy's not his life,
He has no maid, nor blooming wife;
No child has he to raise his hope,—
I would not wish to be the Pope.

The Sultan better pleases me,
His is a life of jollity;
He's wives as many as he will,—
I would the Sultan's throne then fill.

But even he's a wretched man,
He must obey the Alcoran;
He dare not drink one drop of wine—
I would not change his lot for mine.

So here I'll take my lowly stand,
I'll drink my own, my native land;
I'll kiss my maiden fair and fine,
And drink the best of Rhenish wine.

And when my maiden kisses me
I'll think that I the Sultan be;
And when my cheery glass I tope,
I'll fancy then I am the Pope.

LADY ANNE LINDSAY

1750—1825

AULD ROBIN GRAY

When the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye at hame,
And a' the wald to rest are gane,
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,
While my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride;
But saving a croun he had naething else beside:
To make the croun a pund, young Jamie gaed to sea;
And the croun and the pund were baith for me.

He hadna been awa' a week but only twa,
When my father brak his arm, and the cow was stown awa';
My mother she fell sick,—and my Jamie at the sea—
And auld Robin Gray came a-courtin' me.

My father couldna work, and my mother couldna spin;
I toiled day and night, but their bread I couldna win;
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in his e'e
Said, "Jennie, for their sakes, O, marry me!"

My heart it said nay: I looked for Jamie back,
But the wind it blew high and the ship it was a wrack.

His ship it was a wrack—Why didna Jamie dee?
Or why do I live to cry, "Wae's me!"

My father urged me sair: my mother didna speak,
But she looked in my face till my heart was like to
break.
They gi'ed him my hand, though my heart was in
the sea;
Sae auld Robin Gray he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
When mournin' as I sat on the stane at the door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith—for I couldna think it he,
Till he said, "I'm come hame to marry thee."

O sair, sair did we greet, and muckle did we say:
We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away.
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee;
And why was I born to say, "Wae's me!"

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin:
I daurna think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin.
But I'll do my best a gude wife aye to be,
For auld Robin Gray he is kind unto me.

VACHEL LINDSAY

1879—

FROM "THE CONGO"

FAT black bucks in a wine-barrel room,
Barrel-house kings, with feet unstable,
Sagged and reeled and pounded on the table,
[A deep rolling bass.]
Pounded on the table,

Beat an empty barrel with the handle of a broom,
Hard as they were able,
Boom, boom, *boom,*
With a silk umbrella and the handle of a broom,
Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, *boom.*
Then I had religion, *then* I had a vision.
I could not turn from their revel in derision.
Then I saw the Congo, creeping through the black,
Cutting through the jungle with a golden track.
[More deliberate. Solemnly chanted.]
Then along that riverbank
A thousand miles
Tattooed cannibals danced in files;
Then I heard the boom of the blood-lust song
And a thigh-bone beating on a tin-pan gong.
[A rapidly piling climax of speed and racket.]
And "*Blood!*" screamed the whistles and the fifes of the warriors;
"*Blood!*" screamed the skull-faced, lean witch-doctors;
"Whirl ye the deadly voo-doo rattle,
Harry the uplands,
Steal all the cattle,
Rattle-rattle, rattle-rattle,
Bing!
Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, *boom!*"
A roaring, epic, rag-time tune
[With a philosophic pause.]
From the mouth of the Congo
To the mountains of the Moon.
Death is an Elephant,
Torch-eyed and horrible,
[Shrilly and with a heavily accented metre.]

Foam-flanked and terrible.
Boom, steal the pygmies,
Boom, kill the Arabs,
Boom, kill the white men,
Hoo, Hoo, Hoo.
[Like the wind in the chimney.]
Listen to the yell of Leopold's ghost
Burning in Hell for his hand-maimed host.
Hear how the demons chuckle and yell
Cutting his hands off, down in Hell.
Listen to the creepy proclamation,
Blown through the lairs of the forest-nation,
Blown past the white-ants' hill of clay,
Blown past the marsh where the butterflies play:—
"Be careful what you do,
Or Mumbo-Jumbo, God of the Congo,
[All the sounds very golden. Heavy accents very heavy. Light accents very light. Last line whispered.]
And all of the other
Gods of the Congo,
Mumbo-Jumbo will hoo-doo you,
Mumbo-Jumbo will hoo-doo you,
Mumbo-Jumbo will hoo-doo you."

THE EAGLE THAT IS FORGOTTEN

(John P. Altgeld.)

SLEEP softly . . . eagle forgotten . . . under the stone:
Time has its way with you there, and the clay has its own.

"We have buried him now," thought your foes, and in secret rejoiced.
They made a brave show of their mourning, their hatred unvoiced.
They had snarled at you, barked at you, foamed at you day after day;
Now you were ended. They praised you . . . and laid you away.

The others that mourned you in silence and terror and truth,
The widow bereft of her crust, and the boy without youth,
The mocked and the scorned, and the wounded, the lame and the poor,
That should have remembered forever . . . remember no more.

Where are those lovers of yours, on what name do they call—
The lost, that in armies wept over your funeral pall?
They call on the names of a hundred high-valiant ones:
A hundred white eagles have risen, the sons of your sons.
The zeal in their wings is a zeal that your dreaming began,
The valor that wore out your soul in the service of man.

Sleep softly . . . eagle forgotten . . . under the stone.
Time has its way with you there and the clay has its own.

Sleep on, O brave-hearted, O wise man, that kindled
the flame—
To live in mankind is far more than to live in a
name;
To live in mankind, far, far more . . . than to live
in a name.

THE BRONCO THAT WOULD NOT BE BROKEN

A LITTLE colt—bronco, loaned to the farm
To be broken in time without fury or harm,
Yet black crows flew past you, shouting alarm,
Calling "Beware," with lugubrious singing . . .
The butterflies there in the bush were romancing,
The smell of the grass caught your soul in a trance,
So why be a-fearing the spurs and the traces,
O bronco that would not be broken of dancing?

You were born with the pride of the lords great and
olden
Who danced through the ages, in corridors golden.
In all the wide farm-place the person most human:
You spoke out so plainly with squealing and caper-
ing,
With whinnying, snorting, contorting and prancing,
As you dodged your pursuers, looking askance,
With Greek-footed figures, and Parthenon paces,
O bronco that would not be broken of dancing.

The grasshoppers cheered. "Keep whirling," they
said.
The insolent sparrows called from the shed,

"If men will not laugh, make them wish they were dead."
But arch were your thoughts, all malice displacing,
Though the horse-killers came, with snake-whips advancing.
You bantered and cantered away your last chance.
And they scourged you; with Hell in their speech and their faces,
O bronco that would not be broken of dancing.

"Nobody cares for you," rattled the crows,
As you dragged the whole reaper next day down the rows:
The three mules held back, yet you danced on your toes.
You pulled like a racer and kept the mules chasing.
You tangled the harness with bright eyes side-glancing,
While the drunk driver bled you—a pole for a lance—
And the giant mules bit at you—keeping their places,
O bronco that would not be broken of dancing.

In that last afternoon your boyish heart broke.
The hot wind came down like a sledge-hammer stroke.
The blood-sucking flies to a rare feast awoke.
And they searched out your wounds, your death-warrant tracing;
And the merciful men, their religion enhancing,
Stopped the red reaper to give you a chance.
Then you died on the prairie, and scorned all disgraces,
O bronco that would not be broken of dancing.

GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH ENTERS INTO HEAVEN

BOOTH led boldly with his big bass drum.
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
The saints smiled gravely, and they said, "He's come."
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

(BASS DRUMS)

Walking lepers followed, rank on rank,
Lurching bravos from the ditches dank,
Drabs from the alleyways and drug-fiends pale—
Minds still passion-ridden, soul-powers frail!
Vermin-eaten saints with mouldy breath
Unwashed legions with the ways of death—
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

Every slum had sent its half-a-score
The round world over—Booth had groaned for more.
Every banner that the wide world flies
Bloomed with glory and transcendent dyes.
Big-voiced lasses made their banjos bang!

(BANJOS)

Tranced, fanatical, they shrieked and sang,
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Hallelujah! It was queer to see
Bull-necked convicts with that land make free!
Loons and bazoos blowing blare, blare, blare—
On, on, upward through the golden air.
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

(BASS DRUMS SLOWER AND SOFTER)

Booth died blind, and still by faith he trod,
Eyes still dazzled by the ways of God,
Booth led boldly and he looked the chief:
Eagle countenance in sharp relief,
Beard a-flying, air of high command
Unabated in that holy land.

Jesus came from out the Court-House door,
Stretched his hands above the passing poor.
Booth saw not, but led his queer ones there.

(FLUTES)

Round and round the mighty Court-House square.
Yet in an instant all that blear review
Marched on spotless, clad in raiment new.
The lame were straightened, withered limbs uncurled
And blind eyes opened on a new sweet world.

Drabs and vixens in a flash made whole!
Gone was the weasel-head, the snout, the jowl;

(BASS DRUMS LOUDER AND FASTER)

Sages and sibyls now, and athletes clean,
Rulers of empires, and of forests green!
The hosts were sandalled and their wings were fire—
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
But their noise played havoc with the angel-choir.

(GRAND CHORUS TAMBOURINES—ALL INSTRUMENTS IN FULL BLAST)

Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Oh, shout Salvation! it was good to see

Kings and princes by the Lamb set free.
The banjos rattled and the tambourines
Jing-jing-jingled in the hands of queens!
And when Booth halted by the curb for prayer
He saw his Master through the flag-filled air.

(REVERENTLY SUNG—NO INSTRUMENTS)

Christ came gently with a robe and crown
For Booth the soldier while the throng knelt down.
He saw King Jesus—they were face to face,
And he knelt a-weeping in that holy place.
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

T. LODGE

1558—1625

ROSALYND'S MADRIGAL

LOVE in my bosom, like a bee,
Doth suck his sweet;
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet.
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast;
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest:
Ah! wanton, will ye?

And if I sleep, then percheth he
With pretty flight,
And makes his pillow of my knee
The livelong night.
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string;
He music plays if so I sing;

He lends me every lovely thing,
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting:
Whist, wanton, will ye?

Else I with roses every day
Will whip you hence,
And bind you, when you long to play,
For your offence;
I'll shut my eyes to keep you in;
I'll make you fast it for your sin;
I'll count your power not worth a pin;
—Alas! what hereby shall I win,
If he gainsay me?

What if I beat the wanton boy
With many a rod?
He will repay me with annoy,
Because a god.
Then sit thou safely on my knee,
And let thy bower my bosom be;
Lurk in mine eyes, I like of thee,
O Cupid! so thou pity me,
Spare not, but play thee!

LI-PO

Japanese

ON THE BANKS OF JO-EH

They gather lilies down the stream,
A net of willows drooping low
Hides boat from boat, and to and fro
Sweet whispered confidences seem
'Mid laughing trills to flow.

In the green deeps a shaft of gold
Limns their elaborate attire;
Through silken sleeves the winds aspire,
Embalmed, to stray, and, growing bold,
  Swell them to their desire.

But who are these, the cavaliers
That gleam along the river-side?
By three, by five they prance with pride
Beyond the willow-line that sheers
  Over the trellised tide.

A charger neighs: one turns to start,
Crushing the kingcups as he flies,
And one pale maiden vainly tries
To hush the tumult in her heart
And veil the secret of her eyes.

Translated by L. Cranmer-Bying

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

1808—1882

A DUTCH PICTURE

SIMON DANZ has come home again,
  From cruising about with his buccaneers;
He has singed the beard of the King of Spain,
And carried away the Dean of Jaen,
  And sold him in Algiers.

In his house by the Maes, with its roof of tiles,
  And weathercocks flying aloft in air,
There are silver tankards of antique styles,
Plunder of convent, and castle, and piles
  Of carpets rich and rare.

In his tulip-garden there by the town,
  Overlooking the sluggish stream,
With his Moorish cap and dressing-gown,
The old sea-captain, hale and brown,
  Walks in a waking dream.

A smile in his grey mustachio lurks
  Whenever he thinks of the King of Spain,
And the listed tulips look like Turks,
And the silent gardener as he works
  Is changed to the Dean of Jaen.

The windmills on the outermost
  Verge of the landscape in the haze,
To him are towers on the Spanish coast,
With whiskered sentinels at their post,
  Though this is the river Maes.

But when the winter rains begin,
  He sits and smokes by the blazing brands,
And old seafaring men come in,
Goat-bearded, grey, and with double chin,
  And rings upon their hands.

They sit there in the shadow and shine
  Of the flickering fire of the winter night;
Figures in colour and design
Like those by Rembrandt of the Rhine,
  Half darkness and half light.

And they talk of their ventures lost or won
  And their talk is ever and ever the same,
While they drink the red wine of Tarragon,
From the cellars of some Spanish Don
  Or convent set on flame.

Restless at times, with heavy strides
  He paces his parlour to and fro;
He is like a ship that an anchor rides,
And swings with the rising and falling tides
  And tugs at her anchor-tow.

Voices mysterious far and near,
  Sound of the wind and sound of the sea,
Are calling and whispering in his ear,
'Simon Danz! Why stayest thou here?
  Come forth and follow me!'

So he thinks he shall take to the sea again
  For one more cruise with his buccaneers,
To singe the beard of the King of Spain,
And capture another Dean of Jaen.
  And sell him in Algiers

FROM

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH

So he entered the house: and the hum of the wheel and the singing
Suddenly ceased; for Priscilla, aroused by his step on the threshold,
Rose as he entered, and gave him her hand, in signal of welcome,
Saying, "I knew it was you, when I heard your step in the passage;
For I was thinking of you, as I sat there singing and spinning."
Awkward and dumb with delight, that a thought of him had been mingled

Thus in the sacred psalm, that came from the heart of the maiden,
Silent before her he stood, and gave her the flowers for an answer,
Finding no words for his thought. He remembered that day in the winter,
After the first great snow, when he broke a path from the village,
Reeling and plunging along through the drifts that encumbered the doorway,
Stamping the snow from his feet as he entered the house, and Priscilla
Laughed at his snowy locks, and gave him a seat by the fireside,
Grateful and pleased to know he had thought of her in the snow-storm.
Had he but spoken then! perhaps not in vain had he spoken;
Now it was all too late; the golden moment had vanished!
So he stood there abashed, and gave her the flowers for an answer
Then they sat down and talked of the birds and the beautiful Spring-time,

Talked of their friends at home, and the Mayflower that sailed on the morrow.
"I have been thinking all day," said gently the Puritan maiden,
"Dreaming all night, and thinking all day, of the hedge-rows of England,—
They are in blossom now, and the country is all like a garden;

Thinking of lanes and fields, and the song of the lark and the linnet,
Seeing the village street, and familiar faces of neighbours
Going about as of old, and stopping to gossip together,
And, at the end of the street, the village church, with the ivy
Climbing the old grey tower, and the quiet graves in the churchyard.
Kind are the people I live with, and dear to me my religion;
Still my heart is so sad, that I wish myself back in Old England.
You will say it is wrong, but I cannot help it: I almost
Wish myself back in Old England, I feel so lonely and wretched."

Thereupon answered the youth: "Indeed I do not condemn you;
Stouter hearts than a woman's have quail'd in this terrible winter.
Yours is tender and trusting, and needs a stronger to lean on;
So I have come to you now, with an offer and proffer of marriage
Made by a good man and true, Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth!"

Thus he delivered his message, the dexterous writer of letters,—
Did not embellish the theme, nor array it in beautiful phrases,

But came straight to the point, and blurted it out like a schoolboy;
Even the Captain himself could hardly have said it more bluntly.
Mute with amazement and sorrow, Priscilla the Puritan maiden
Looked into Alden's face, her eyes dilated with wonder,
Feeling his words like a blow, that stunned her and rendered her speechless;
Till at length she exclaimed, interrupting the ominous silence:
"If the great Captain of Plymouth is so very eager to wed me,
Why does he not come himself, and take the trouble to woo me?
If I am not worth the wooing, I surely am not worth the winning!"
Then John Alden began explaining and smoothing the matter,
Making it worse as he went, by saying the Captain was busy,—
Had no time for such things;—such things! the words grating harshly
Fell on the ear of Priscilla; and swift as a flash she made answer:
"Has he no time for such things, as you call it, before he is married,
Would he be likely to find it, or make it, after the wedding?
That is the way with you men; you don't understand us, you cannot.

When you have made up your minds, after thinking of this one and that one,
Choosing, selecting, rejecting, comparing one with another,
Then you make known your desire, with abrupt and sudden avowal,
And are offended and hurt, and indignant perhaps, that a woman
Does not respond at once to a love that she never suspected,
Does not attain at a bound the height to which you have been climbing.
This is not right nor just: for surely a woman's affection
Is not a thing to be asked for, and had for only the asking.
When one is truly in love, one not only says it, but shows it.
Had he but waited awhile, had he only showed that he loved me,
Even this Captain of yours—who knows?—at last might have won me,
Old and rough as he is; but now it never can happen."

Still John Alden went on, unheeding the words of Priscilla,
Urging the suit of his friend, explaining, persuading, expanding;
Spoke of his courage and skill, and of all his battles in Flanders,
How with the people of God he had chosen to suffer affliction,

How, in return for his zeal they had made him
Captain of Plymouth;
He was a gentleman born, could trace his pedigree
plainly
Back to Hugh Standish of Duxbury Hall, in Lancashire, England,
Who was the son of Ralph, and the grandson of
Thurston de Standish;
Heir unto vast estates, of which he was basely defrauded,
Still bore the family arms, and had for his crest
a cock argent
Combed and wattled gules, and all the rest of the
blazon.
He was a man of honour, of noble and generous
nature;
Though he was rough, he was kindly; she knew how
during the winter
He had attended the sick, with a hand a gentle as
woman's;
Somewhat hasty and hot, he could not deny it, and
headstrong,
Stern as a soldier might be, but hearty, and placable
always,
Not to be laughed at and scorned, because he was
little of stature;
For he was great of heart, magnanimous, courtly,
courageous;
Any woman in Plymouth, nay, any woman in England,
Might be happy and proud to be called the wife of
Miles Standish!

But as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and eloquent language,
Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his rival,
Archly the maiden smiled, and with eyes overrunning with laughter,
Said, in a tremulous voice, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

UNDER a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;

They love to see the flaming forge,
  And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
  Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
  And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
  He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
  And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
  Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
  How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
  A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing,
  Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,
  Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
  Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
  For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
  Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
  Each burning deed and thought!

EVANGELINE

PROLOGUE

THIS is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighbouring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that beneath it
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the voice of the huntsman?
Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Acadian farmers,—
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the wood-lands,
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven?
Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers for ever departed!
Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of October
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far over the ocean,
Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand-Pré.

Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures, and is patient,
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion,
List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines of the forest;
List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the happy.

EPILOGUE

Still stands the forest primeval; but far away from its shadow,
Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers are sleeping.
Under the humble walls of the little Catholic churchyard,
In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown, and unnoticed.
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them,
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and for ever,
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy,
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their labours,
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey!

Still stands the forest primeval; but under the shade of its branches
Dwells another race, with other customs and language.

Only along the shore of the mournful and misty
Atlantic
Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from
exile
Wandered back to their native land to die in its
bosom.
In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are
still busy;
Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles
of homespun,
And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,
While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced neigh-
bouring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail
of the forest.

A PSALM OF LIFE

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
"Life is but an empty dream!"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
  And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
  Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
  In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
  Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
  Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act—act in the living present!
  Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
  We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
  Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
  Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
  Seeing, shall take heart again.

"Look, then, into thine heart, and write!
  Yes, into Life's deep stream!
All forms of sorrow and delight,
All solemn Voices of the Night,
That can soothe thee, or affright,—
  Be these henceforth thy theme."

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.
He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry-arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country-folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said, "Good night!" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war;
A phantom-ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison-bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack-door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed to the tower of the church
Up the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade,—
Up the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went,
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay,—
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,

Then, impetuous, stamped the earth
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet;
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.
He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders, that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock,
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read,
How the British Regulars fired and fled,—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the field to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm,—
A cry of defiance, and not of fear,

A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo for evermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT

Stars of the summer night!
  Far in yon azure deeps,
Hide, hide your golden light!
  She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
  Sleeps!

Moon of the summer night!
  Far down yon western steeps,
Sink, sink in silver light!
  She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
  Sleeps!

Wind of the summer night!
  Where yonder woodbine creeps,
Fold, fold thy pinions light!
  She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
  Sleeps!

Dreams of the summer night
  Tell her, her lover keeps
Watch, while in slumbers light
  She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
  Sleeps!

THE BRIDGE

I STOOD on the bridge at midnight,
  As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the city,
  Behind the dark church-tower.

I saw her bright reflection
  In the waters under me,
Like a golden goblet falling
  And sinking into the sea.

And far in the hazy distance
  Of that lovely night in June,
The blaze of the flaming furnace
  Gleamed redder than the moon.

Among the long, black rafters
  The wavering shadows lay,
And the current that came from the ocean
  Seemed to lift and bear them away;

As, sweeping and eddying through them,
  Rose the belated tide,
And, streaming into the moonlight,
  The seaweed floated wide.

And like those waters rushing
  Among the wooden piers,
A flood of thoughts came o'er me
  That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, oh, how often,
  In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on that bridge at midnight
  And gazed on that wave and sky!

How often, oh, how often,
  I had wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom
  O'er the ocean wild and wide!

For my heart was hot and restless,
  And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
  Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me,
  It is buried in the sea;
And only the sorrow of others
  Throws its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river
  On its bridge with wooden piers,
Like the odour of brine from the ocean
  Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands
  Of care-encumbered men,
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
  Have crossed the bridge since then!

I see the long procession
  Still passing to and fro,
The young heart hot and restless,
  And the old subdued and slow.

And for ever and for ever,
  As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
  As long as life has woes;

The moon and its broken reflection
  And its shadows shall appear,
As the symbol of love in heaven,
  And its wavering image here.

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS

SOMEWHAT back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat;
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar trees their shadows throw,
And from its station in the hall
An ancient timepiece says to all,
  "For ever—never!
  Never—for ever!"

Halfway up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!
With sorrowful voice to all who pass,—
  "For ever—never!
  Never—for ever!"

By day its voice is low and light;
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
It echoes along the vacant hall,
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say at each chamber-door,—
"For ever—never!
Never—for ever!"

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth,
Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,
And as if, like God, it all things saw,
It calmly repeats those words of awe,—
"For ever—never!
Never—for ever!"

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted Hospitality;
His great fires up the chimney roared;
The stranger feasted at his board;
But, like the skeleton at the feast,
That warning timepiece never ceased,—
"For ever—never!
Never—for ever!"

There groups of merry children played,
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed;
O precious hours! O golden prime,
An affluence of love and time!

Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient timepiece told,—
"For ever—never!
Never—for ever!"

From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding night;
There, in that silent room below,
The dead lay in his shroud of snow;
And in the hush that followed the prayer,
Was heard the old clock on the stair,—
"For ever—never!
Never—for ever!

All are scattered now and fled,
Some are married, some are dead;
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
"Ah! when shall they all meet again?"
As in the days long since gone by,
The ancient timepiece makes reply,—
"For ever—never!
Never—for ever!"

Never here, for ever there,
Where all parting, pain and care,
And death, and time shall disappear,—
For ever there, but never here!
The horologe of Eternity
Sayeth this incessantly,—
"For ever—never!
Never—for ever!"

THE SHIP OF STATE

THOU, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!

THE SKELETON IN ARMOUR

"SPEAK! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armour drest,
Comest to daunt me!

Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms,
Why dost thou haunt me?"

Then, from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the Northern skies
Gleam in December;
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
From the heart's chamber.

"I was a Viking old!
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald in song has told,
No Saga taught thee!
Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse!
For this I sought thee.

"Far in the Northern Land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the ger-falcon;
And, with my skates fast-bound;
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

"Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grisly bear,
While from my path the hare
Fled like a shadow;
Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow.

"But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders.

"Many a wassail-bout
Wore the long Winter out;
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk's tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail,
Filled to o'erflowing.

"Once, as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
Burning yet tender;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendour.

"I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade
Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk-frighted.

"Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
Chaunting his glory;
When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrel stand
To hear my story.

"While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed,
And as the wind-gusts waft
The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn
Blew the foam lightly.

"She was a Prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled,
I was discarded!
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew's flight,
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded?

"Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me,—
Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen!—
When on the white-sea strand,
Waving his armèd hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen.

"Then launched they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
When the wind failed us;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
Laugh as he hailed us.

"And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
Death! was the helmsman's hail,
Death without quarter!
Mid-ships with iron-keel
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hulk did reel
Through the black water!

"As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden:
So toward the open main,
Beating the sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
Bore I the maiden.

"Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
Stretching to leeward;
There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
Stands looking seaward.

"There lived we many years;
Time dried the maidens tears;
She had forgot her fears,
She was a mother;
Death closed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies;
Ne'er shall the sun arise
On such another!

"Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen!
Hateful to me were men,
The sunlight hateful!
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
Oh, death was grateful!

"Thus, seamed with many scars,
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
My soul ascended!
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skoal! to the Northland! *Skoal!*"
—Thus the tale ended.

FROM "HIAWATHA"

And Nokomis warned her often,
Saying oft, and oft repeating,
"O, beware of Mudjekeewis;
Of the West-Wind, Mudjekeewis;
Listen not to what he tells you;
Lie not down upon the meadow,
Stoop not down among the lilies,
Lest the West-Wind come and harm you!"
But she heeded not the warning,
Heeded not those words of wisdom,
And the West-Wind came at evening,
Walking lightly o'er the prairie,
Whispering to the leaves and blossoms,
Bending low the flowers and grasses,
Found the beautiful Wenonah,
Lying there among the lilies,
Wooed her with his words of sweetness,
Wooed her with his soft caresses.
Till she bore a son in sorrow,
Bore a son of love and sorrow.
Thus was born my Hiawatha,
Thus was born the child of wonder;
But the daughter of Nokomis,
Hiawatha's gentle mother,
In her anguish died deserted
By the West-Wind, false and faithless,
By the heartless Mudjekeewis.
For her daughter, long and loudly
Wailed and wept the sad Nokomis;
"O that I were dead," she murmured,
"O that I were dead, as thou art!

No more work, and no more weeping,
Wahonowin! Wahonowin!"
By the shores of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,
Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis.
Dark behind it rose the forest,
Rose the black and gloomy pine-trees,
Rose the firs with cones upon them;
Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the clear and sunny water,
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.
There the wrinkled, old Nokomis
Nursed the little Hiawatha,
Rocked him in his linden cradle,
Bedded soft in moss and rushes,
Safely bound with reindeer sinews;
Stilled his fretful wail by saying,
"Hush! the Naked Bear will get thee!"
Lulled him into slumber, singing,
"Ewa-yea! my little owlet!
Who is this, that lights the wigwam?
With his great eyes lights the wigwam?
Ewa-yea! my little owlet!"
Many things Nokomis taught him
Of the stars that shine in heaven;
Showed him Ishkoodah, the comet,
Ishkoodah, with fiery tresses;
Showed the Death-Dance of the spirits,
Warriors with their plumes and war-clubs,
Flaring far away to northward
In the frosty nights of Winter;
Showed the broad, white road in heaven,

Pathway of the ghosts, the shadows,
Running straight across the heavens,
Crowded with the ghosts, the shadows.
At the door on Summer evenings
Sat the little Hiawatha;
Heard the whispering of the pine-trees,
Heard the lapping of the water,
Sounds of music, words of wonder;
"Minne-wawa!" said the pine-trees,
"Mudway-aushka!" said the water.
Saw the fire-fly, Wah-wah-taysee,
Flitting through the dusk of evening,
With the twinkle of its candle
Lighting up the brakes and bushes,
And he sang the song of children,
Sang the song Nokomis taught him:
"Wah-wah-taysee, little fire-fly,
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
Little, dancing, white-fire creature,
Light me with your little candle,
Ere upon my bed I lay me,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!"
Saw the moon rise from the water,
Rippling, rounding from the water,
Saw the flecks and shadows on it,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"Once a warrior, very angry,
Seized his grandmother, and threw her
Up into the sky at midnight;
Right against the moon he threw her;
'Tis her body that you see there."
Saw the rainbow in the heaven,

In the eastern sky the rainbow,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
" 'Tis the heaven of flowers you see there;
All the wild-flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us."
  When he heard the owls at midnight,
Hooting, laughing in the forest,
"What is that?" he cried in terror;
"What is that," he said, "Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"That is but the owl and owlet,
Talking in their native language,
Talking, scolding at each other."
  Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in Summer,
Where they hid themselves in Winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."
  Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met them.

FROM "SAGA OF KING OLAF"

I

THE DISCOVERER OF THE NORTH CAPE

OTHERE, the old sea-captain,
  Who dwelt in Helgoland,
To King Alfred, the Lover of Truth,
Brought a snow-white walrus-tooth,
  Which he held in his brown right hand.

His figure was tall and stately,
  Like a boy's his eye appeared;
His hair was yellow as hay,
But threads of a silvery grey
  Gleamed in his tawny beard.

Hearty and hale was Othere,
  His cheek had the colour of oak;
With a kind of laugh in his speech,
Like the sea-tide on a beach,
  As unto the king he spoke.

And Alfred, King of the Saxons,
  Had a book upon his knees,
And wrote down the wondrous tale
Of him who was first to sail
  Into the Arctic seas.

"So far I live to the northward,
  No man lives north of me;
To the east are wild mountain-chains,
And beyond them meres and plains;
  To the westward all is sea.

"So far I live to the northward,
  From the harbour of Skeringes-hale,
If you only sailed by day,
With a fair wind all the way,
  More than a month would you sail.

"I own six hundred reindeer,
  With sheep and swine beside;
I have tribute from the Finns,
Whalebone and reindeer-skins,
  And ropes of walrus-hide.

"I ploughed the land with horses,
  But my heart was ill at ease,
For the old seafaring men
Came to me now and then,
  With their sagas of the seas;—

"Of Iceland and of Greenland,
  And the stormy Hebrides,
And the undiscovered deep;—
I could not eat nor sleep
  For thinking of those seas.

"To the northward stretched the desert,
  How far I fain would know;
So at last I sallied forth,
And three days sailed due north,
  As far as the whale-ships go.

"To the west of me was the ocean,
  To the right the desolate shore,
But I did not slacken sail
For the walrus or the whale,
  Till after three days more.

"The days grew longer and longer,
  Till they became as one,
And southward through the haze
I saw the sullen blaze
  Of the red midnight sun.

"And then uprose before me,
  Upon the water's edge,
The huge and haggard shape
Of that unknown North Cape,
  Whose form is like a wedge.

"The sea was rough and stormy,
  The tempest howled and wailed,
And the sea-fog, like a ghost,
Haunted that dreary coast,
  But onward still I sailed.

"Four days I steered to eastward,
  Four days without a night:
Round in a fiery ring
Went the great sun, O King,
  With red and lurid light."

Here Alfred King of the Saxons,
  Ceased writing for a while;
And raised his eyes from his book,
With a strange and puzzled look,
  And an incredulous smile.

But Othere, the old sea-captain,
  He neither paused nor stirred
Till the King listened, and then
Once more took up his pen,
  And wrote down every word.

"And now the land," said Othere,
  "Bent southward suddenly,
And I followed the curving shore,
And ever southward bore
  Into a nameless sea.

"And there we hunted the walrus,
  The narwhale, and the seal;
Ha! 'twas a noble game!
And like the lightning's flame
  Flew our harpoons of steel.

"There were six of us all together,
  Norsemen of Helgoland;
In two days and no more
We killed of them threescore,
  And dragged them to the strand!"

Here Alfred, the Truth-Teller,
  Suddenly closed his book,
And lifted his blue eyes,
With doubt and strange surmise
  Depicted in their look.

And Othere the old sea-captain
  Stared at him wild and weird,
Then smiled, till his shining teeth
Gleamed white from underneath
  His tawny, quivering beard.

And to the King of the Saxons,
  In witness of the truth,
Raising his noble head,
He stretched his brown hand, and said,
  "Behold this walrus-tooth!"

II

THANGBRAND THE PRIEST

SHORT of stature, large of limb,
  Burly face and russet beard,
All the women stared at him,
  When in Iceland he appeared.
    "Look!" they said,
    With nodding head,
"There goes Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest."

All the prayers he knew by rote,
  He could preach like Chrysostome,
From the fathers he could quote,
  He had even been at Rome.
    A learned clerk,
    A man of mark,
Was this Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

He was quarrelsome and loud,
  And impatient of control,
Boisterous in the market crowd,
  Boisterous at the wassail-bowl,
    Everywhere
    Would drink and swear,
Swaggering Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

In his house this malcontent
  Could the King no longer bear,
So to Iceland he was sent
  To convert the heathen there,
    And away
    One summer day
Sailed this Thrangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

There in Iceland, o'er their books
  Pored the people day and night,
But he did not like their looks,
  Nor the songs they used to write.
    "All this rhyme
    Is waste of time!"
Grumbled Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

To the alehouse, where he sat,
  Came the Scalds and Saga-men;
Is it to be wondered at,
  That they quarrelled now and then,
    When o'er his beer
    Began to leer
Drunken Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest?

All the folk in Alftafiord
  Boasted of their island grand;
Saying in a single word,
  "Iceland is the finest land
    That the sun
    Doth shine upon!"
Loud laughed Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

And he answered: "What's the use
  Of this bragging up and down,
When three women and one goose
  Make a market in your town!"
    Every Scald
    Satires scrawled
On poor Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

Something worse they did than that;
  And what vexed him most of all
Was a figure in shovel hat,
  Drawn in charcoal on the wall;
    With words that go
    Sprawling below,
"This is Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest."

Hardly knowing what he did,
  Then he smote them might and main,
Thorvald Veile and Veterlid
  Lay there in the alehouse slain.
    "To-day we are gold,
    To-morrow mould!"
Muttered Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

Much in fear of axe and rope,
  Back to Norway sailed he then.
"O, King Olaf! little hope
  Is there of these Iceland men!"
    Meekly said,
    With bending head,
Pious Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

III

KING OLAF'S WAR-HORNS

"STRIKE the sails!" King Olaf said;
Never shall men of mine take flight:
Never away from battle I fled,
Never away from my foes!
  Let God dispose
Of my life in fight!"

"Sound the horns!" said Olaf the King;
And suddenly through the drifting brume
The blare of the horns began to ring,
Like the terrible trumpet shock
Of Regnarock,
On the Day of Doom!

Louder and louder the war-horns sang
Over the level floor of the flood;
All the sails came down with a clang,
And there in the mist overhead
The sun hung red
As a drop of blood.

Drifting down on the Danish fleet
Three together the ships were lashed,
So that neither should turn and retreat;
In the midst, but in front of the rest,
The burnished crest
Of the Serpent flashed.

King Olaf stood on the quarter-deck,
With bow of ash and arrows of oak,
His gilded shield was without a fleck,
His helmet inlaid with gold,
And in many a fold
Hung his crimson cloak.

On the forecastle Ulf the Red
Watched the lashing of the ships;
"If the Serpent lie so far ahead,
We shall have hard work of it here,"
Said he with a sneer
On his bearded lips.

King Olaf laid an arrow on string,
"Have I a coward on board?" said he.
"Shoot it another way, O King!"
Sullenly answered Ulf,
    The old sea-wolf;
"You have need of me!"

In front came Svend, the King of the Danes,
Sweeping down with his fifty rowers;
To the right, the Swedish king with his thanes;
And on board of the Iron-Beard
    Earl Eric steered
On the left with his oars.

"These soft Danes and Swedes," said the King,
"At home with their wives had better stay,
Than come within reach of my Serpent's sting.
But where Eric the Norseman leads
    Heroic deeds
Will be done to-day!"

Then as together the vessels crashed,
Eric severed the cables of hide
With which King Olaf's ships were lashed,
And left them to drive and drift
    With the currents swift
Of the outward tide.

Louder the war-horns growl and snarl,
Sharper the dragons bite and sting!
Eric the son of Hakon Jarl
A death-drink salt as the sea
    Pledges to thee,
Olaf the King!

IV

EINAR TAMBERSKELVER

It was Einar Tamberskelver
  Stood beside the mast;
From his yew-bow, tipped with silver,
  Flew the arrows fast;
Aimed at Eric unavailing,
  As he sat concealed,
Half behind the quarter-railing,
  Half behind his shield.

First an arrow struck the tiller,
  Just above his head;
"Sing, O Eyvind Skaldaspiller,"
  Then Earl Eric said,
"Sing the song of Hakon dying,
  Sing his funeral wail!"
And another arrow flying
  Grazed his coat of mail.

Turning to a Lapland yeoman,
  As the arrow passed,
Said Earl Eric, "Shoot that bowman
  Standing by the mast."
Sooner than the word was spoken
  Flew the yeoman's shaft;
Einar's bow in twain was broken,
  Einar only laughed.

"What was that?" said Olaf, standing
  On the quarter-deck.
"Something heard I like the stranding
  Of a shattered wreck."

Einar then, the arrow taking
  From the loosened string,
Answered, "That was Norway breaking
  From thy hand, O King!"

"Thou art but a poor diviner,"
  Straightway Olaf said;
"Take my bow, and swifter, Einar,
  Let thy shafts be sped."
Of his bows the fairest choosing,
  Reached he from above;
Einar saw the blood-drops oozing
  Through his iron glove.

But the bow was thin and narrow;
  At the first assay,
O'er its head he drew the arrow,
  Flung the bow away;
Said, with hot and angry temper
  Flushing in his cheek,
"Olaf! for so great a Kämper
  Are thy bows too weak!"

Then, with smile of joy defiant
  On his beardless lip,
Scaled he, light and self-reliant,
  Eric's dragon-ship.
Loose his golden locks were flowing,
  Bright his armour gleamed;
Like Saint Michael overthrowing
  Lucifer he seemed.

V

THE WRAITH OF ODIN

THE guests were loud, the ale was strong,
King Olaf feasted late and long;
The hoary Scalds together sang;
O'erhead the smoky rafters rang.
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

The door swung wide, with creak and din;
A blast of cold night-air came in,
And on the threshold shivering stood
A one-eyed guest, with cloak and hood.
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

The King exclaimed, "O greybeard pale!
Come warm thee with this cup of ale."
The foaming draught the old man quaffed,
The noisy guests looked on and laughed.
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

Then spake the King: "Be not afraid;
Sit here by me." The guest obeyed,
And, seated at the table, told
Tales of the sea, and Sagas old.
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

And ever, when the tale was o'er,
The King demanded yet one more;
Till Sigurd the Bishop smiling said,
" 'Tis late, O King, and time for bed."
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

The King retired; the stranger-guest
Followed and entered with the rest;
The lights were out, the pages gone,
But still the garrulous guest spake on.
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

As one who from a volume reads,
He spake of heroes and their deeds,
Of lands and cities he had seen,
And stormy gulfs that tossed between.
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

Then from his lips in music rolled
The Havamal of Odin old,
With sounds mysterious as the roar
Of billows on a distant shore.
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

"Do we not learn from runes and rhymes
Made by the gods in elder times,
And do not still the great Scalds teach
That silence better is than speech?"
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

Smiling at this, the King replied,
"Thy lore is by thy tongue belied;
For never was I so enthralled
Either by Saga-man or Scald."
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

The Bishop said, "Late hours we keep!
Night wanes, O King! 'tis time for sleep!"
Then slept the King, and when he woke
The guest was gone, the morning broke.
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

They found the doors securely barred,
They found the watch-dog in the yard,
There was no foot-print in the grass,
And none had seen the stranger pass.
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

King Olaf crossed himself and said:
"I know that Odin the Great is dead;
Sure is the triumph of our Faith,
The one-eyed stranger was his wraith."
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

COLONEL LOVELACE

1618—1658

TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE WARS

Tell me not, Sweet, I am unkind
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore;
I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
Loved I not Honor more.

TO ALTHEA FROM PRISON

When Love with unconfinéd wings
  Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
  To whisper at the grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair
  And fetter'd to her eye,
The Gods that wanton in the air.
  Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
  With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,
  Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
  When healths and draughts go free—
Fishes that tipple in the deep
  Know no such liberty.

When (like committed linnets) I
  With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty
  And glories of my King;
When I shall voice aloud how good
  He is, how great should be,
Enlargéd winds, that curl the flood,
  Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
  Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
  That for an hermitage;

If I have freedom in my love
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

SAMUEL LOVER

WIDOW MACHREE

Widow Machree, it's no wonder you frown,
Och hone! Widow Machree.
Faith, it ruins your looks, that same dirty black gown,
Och hone! Widow Machree.
How alter'd your air,
With that close cap you wear—
'T is destroying your hair
Which should be flowing free;
Be no longer a churl
Of its black silken curl,
Och hone! Widow Machree.

Widow Machree, now the summer is come,
Och hone! Widow Machree,
When everything smiles, should a beauty look glum?
Och hone! Widow Machree.
See the birds go in pairs,
And the rabbits and hares—
Why even the bears
Now in couples agree;
And the mute little fish,
Though they can't spake, they wish,
Och hone! Widow Machree.

Widow Machree, and when winter comes in,
Och hone! Widow Machree.
To be poking the fire all alone is a sin,
Och hone! Widow Machree.
Sure the shovel and tongs
To each other belongs,
And the kettle sings songs
Full of family glee;
While alone with your cup,
Like a hermit, you sup,
Och hone! Widow Machree.

And how do you know, with the comforts I've towld,
Och hone! Widow Machree.
But you're keeping some poor fellow out in the cowld?
Och hone! Widow Machree.
With such sins on your head
Sure your peace would be fled,
Could you sleep in your bed
Without thinking to see
Some ghost or some sprite,
That would wake you each night,
Crying, "Och hone! Widow Machree"?

Then take my advice, darling Widow Machree,
Och hone! Widow Machree.
And with my advice, faith I wish you'd take me,
Och hone! Widow Machree.
You'd have me to desire
Then to sit by the fire,

And sure Hope is no liar
    In whispering to me,
That the ghosts would depart,
When you'd me near your heart,
    Och hone! Widow Machree.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

1819—1891

From

WHAT MR. ROBINSON THINKS

GINERAL C. is a dreffle smart man:
  He's ben on all sides thet give places or pelf;
But consistency still wuz a part of his plan—
  He's ben true to *one* party—an' thet is himself;
        So John P.
        Robinson, he
    Sez he shall vote fer Gineral C.

We were gittin' on nicely up here to our village,
  With good old idees o' wut's right an' wut ain't,
We kind o' thought Christ went agin war an' pillage,
  An' thet eppyletts worn't the best mark of a saint;
        But John P.
        Robinson, he
    Sez this kind o' thing's an exploded idee.

Parson Wilbur he calls all these argimunts lies;
  Sez they're nothin' on airth but just fee, faw, fum:
An' thet all this big talk of our destinies
  Is half on it ign'ance, an t'other half rum;
        But John P.
        Robinson, he
    Sez it ain't no sech thing; an', of course, so must we.

Parson Wilbur sez *he* never heerd in his life
  Thet th' apostles rigg'd out in their swaller-tail
    coats,
An' march'd round in front of a drum an' a fife,
  To git some on 'em office, an' some on 'em votes;
    But John P.
    Robinson, he
  Sez they didn't know everythin' down in Judee.

Wal, it's a marcy we've gut folks to tell us
  The rights and the wrongs o' these matters, I
    vow,—
God sends country lawyers, an' other wise fellers,
  To start the world's team when it gits in a slough;
    Fer John P.
    Robinson, he
  Sez the world'll go right ef he hollers out Gee!

Guvener B. is a sensible man;
  He stays to his home an' looks arter his folks;
He draws his furrer ez straight ez he can,
  An' into nobody's tater-patch pokes;—
    But John P.
    Robinson he
  Sez he wunt vote for Guvener B.

My! aint it terrible? Wut shall we du?
  We can't never choose him, o' course,—thet's flat:
Guess we shall hev to come round, (don't you?)
  An' go in fer thunder an' guns, an' all that;
    Fer John P.
    Robinson he
  Sez he wunt vote fer Guverner B.

Gineral C. is a dreffle smart man:
He's ben on all sides that give places or pelf;
But consistency still wuz a part of his plan,—
He's been true to *one* party and thet is himself;—
So John P.
Robinson he
Sez he shall vote fer Gineral C.

Gineral C. he goes in fer the war;
He don't vally principle mor'n an old cud;
Wut did God make us raytional creeturs fer,
But glory an' gunpowder, plunder an' blood?
So John P.
Robinson he
Sez he shall vote fer Gineral C.

We were gittin' on nicely up here to our village,
With good old idees o' wut's right an' wut aint,
We kind o' thought Christ went agin war an' pillage,
An' thet eppyletts worn't the best mark of a saint
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez this kind o' thing's an exploded idee.

The side of our country must ollers be took,
An' Presidunt Polk, you know, *he* is our country.
An' the angel thet writes all our sins in a book
Puts the *debit* to him, an' to us the *per contry;*
An' John P.
Robinson he
Sez this is his view o' the thing to a T.

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  Sez they're nothin' on airth but jest *fee, faw, fum:*
An' thet all this big talk of our destinies
  Is half on it ignorance, an' 't other half rum,
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AUF WIEDERSEHEN

THE little gate was reached at last,
  Half hid in lilacs down the lane;
She pushed it wide, and, as she past,
A wistful look she backward cast,
  And said,—"*Auf wiedersehen!*"

With hand on latch, a vision white
  Lingered reluctant, and again
Half doubting if she did aright,
Soft as the dews that fell that night,
  She said,—"*Auf wiedersehen!*"

The lamp's clear gleam flits up the stair;
  I linger in delicious pain;
Ah, in that chamber, whose rich air
To breathe in thought I scarcely dare,
  Thinks she,—"*Auf wiedersehen!*"

'T is thirteen years; once more I press
  The turf that silences the lane;
I hear the rustle of her dress,
  I smell the lilacs, and—ah, yes,
  I hear,—"*Auf wiedersehen!*"

Sweet piece of bashful maiden art!
  The English words had seemed too fain,
But these—they drew us heart to heart,
Yet held us tenderly apart;
  She said,—"*Auf wiedersehen!*"

HEBE

I SAW the twinkle of white feet,
I saw the flash of robes descending;
  Before her ran an influence fleet,
That bowed my heart like barley bending.

  As, in bare fields, the searching bees
Pilot to blooms beyond our finding,
  It led me on, by sweet degrees
Joy's simple honey-cells unbinding.

Those Graces were that seemed grim Fates;
With nearer love the sky leaned o'er me;
The long-sought Secret's golden gates
On musical hinges swung before me.

I saw the brimmed bowl in her grasp
Thrilling with godhood; like a lover
I sprang the proffered life to clasp;—
The beaker fell; the luck was over.

The earth has drunk the vintage up;
What boots it patch the goblet's splinters?
Can Summer fill the icy cup,
Whose treacherous crystal is but winter's?

O spendthrift haste! await the Gods;
The nectar crowns the lips of Patience;
Haste scatters on unthankful sods
The immortal gift in vain libations.

Coy Hebe flies from those that woo,
And shuns the hands would seize upon her;
Follow thy life, and she will sue
To pour for thee the cup of honor.

A STANZA ON FREEDOM

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hating, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather then in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

FROM "VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL"

And what is so rare as a day in June?
  Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
  And over it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
  An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
  Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
  Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
  The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
  To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
  Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
  With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings.
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,—
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

Now is the high-tide of the year,
  And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,
  Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God wills it;

No matter how barren the past may have been,
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green;

We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
That dandelions are blossoming near,
  That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack;
  We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing,—
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
  Tells all in his lusty crowing!

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Everything is happy now,
  Everything is upward striving;
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue,—
'Tis the natural way of living:
Who knows whither the clouds have fled?
  In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake;
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
  The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;
The soul partakes the season's youth,
  And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
  Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.

IN THE TWILIGHT

MEN say the sullen instrument,
  That, from the Master's bow,
  With pangs of joy or woe,
Feels music's soul through every fibre sent,
  Whispers the ravished strings
More than he knew or meant;
  Old summers in its memory glow;
  The secrets of the wind it sings;
  It hears the April-loosened springs;
    And mixes with its mood
    All it dreamed when it stood
    In the murmurous pine-wood
      Long ago!

The magical moonlight then
  Steeped every bough and cone;
The roar of the brook in the glen
  Came dim from the distance blown;
The wind through its glooms sang low,
  And it swayed to and fro
    With delight as it stood
    In the wonderful wood,
      Long ago!

O my life, have we not had seasons
  That only said, Live and rejoice?
That asked not for causes and reasons,
  But made us all feeling and voice?
When we went with the winds in their blowing,
  When Nature and we were peers,
And we seemed to share in the flowing
  Of the inexhaustible years?

Have we not from the earth drawn juices
Too fine for earth's sordid uses?
Have I heard, have I seen
All I feel, all I know?
Doth my heart overween?
Or could it have been
Long ago!

Sometimes a breath floats by me,
An odor from Dreamland sent,
That makes the ghost seem nigh me
Of a splendor that came and went,
Of a life lived somewhere, I know not
In what diviner sphere,
Of memories that stay not and go not,
Like music heard once by an ear
That cannot forget or reclaim it,
A something so shy, it would shame it
To make it a show,
A something too vague, could I name it
For others to know,
As if I had lived it or dreamed it,
As if I had acted or schemed it,
Long ago!

And yet, could I live it over,
This life that stirs in my brain,
Could I be both maiden and lover,
Moon and tide, bee and clover,
As I seem to have been, once again,
Could I but speak it and show it,
This pleasure more sharp than pain,
That baffles and lures me so,

The world should once more have a poet,
Such as it had
In the ages glad,
Long ago!

THE COURTIN'

God makes sech nights, all white an' still
Fur 'z you can look or listen,
Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
All silence an' all glisten.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown
An' peeked in thru' the winder,
An' there sot Huldy all alone,
'Ith no one nigh to hender.

A fireplace filled the room's one side
With half a cord o' wood in—
There warn't no stoves (tell comfort died)
To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out
Towards the pootiest, bless her,
An' leetle flames danced all about
The chiny on the dresser.

Agin the chimbley crook-necks hung,
An' in amongst 'em rusted
The ole queen's-arm thet gran'ther Young
Fetched back from Concord busted.

The very room, coz she was in,
Seemed warm from floor to ceilin',
An' she looked full ez rosy agin
Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'T was kin' o' kingdom-come to look
  On sech a blessed cretur,
A dogrose blushin' to a brook
  Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A 1,
  Clean grit an' human natur';
None couldn't quicker pitch a ton
  Nor dror a furrer straighter.

He 'd sparked it with full twenty gals,
  He'd squirred 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em,
Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells—
  All is, he couldn't love 'em.

But long o' her his veins 'ould run
  All crinkly like curled maple,
The side she breshed felt full o' sun
  Ez a south slope in Ap'il.

She thought no v'ice hed sech a swing
  Ez hisn in the choir;
My! when he made Ole Hunderd ring,
  She *knowed* the Lord was nigher.

An' she'd blush scarlit, right in prayer,
  When her new meetin'-bunnet
Felt somehow thru' its crown a pair
  O' blue eyes sot upon it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked *some!*
  She seemed to 've gut a new soul,
For she felt sartin-sure he'd come,
  Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heered a foot, an' knowed it tu,
  A-raspin' on the scraper,—
All ways to once her feelin's flew
  Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat
  Some doubtfle o' the sekle,
His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
  But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk
  Ez though she wished him furder,
An' on her apples kep' to work,
  Parin' away like murder.

"You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?"
  "Wal . . . no . . . I come dasignin' "—
"To see my Ma? She is sprinklin' clo'es
  Agin to-morrer's i'nin'."

To say why gals acts so or so,
  Or don't, 'ould be presumin';
Mebby to mean yes an' say no
  Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
  Then stood a spell on t'other,
An' on which one he felt the wust
  He couldn't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, "I'd better call agin";
  Says she, "Think likely, Mister";
Thet last word pricked him like a pin,
  An' . . . Wal, he up an' kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
  Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
All kin' o' smily roun' the lips
  An' teary roun' the lashes.

For she was jes' the quiet kind
  Whose naturs never vary,
Like streams that keep a summer mind
  Snowhid in Jenooary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued
  Too tight for all expressin',
Tell mother see how metters stood,
  And gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide
  Down to the Bay o' Fundy,
An' all I know is they was cried
  In meetin' come nex' Sunday.

THE HERITAGE

The rich man's son inherits lands,
  And piles of brick, and stone, and gold,
And he inherits soft white hands,
  And tender flesh that fears the cold,
  Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares;
  The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares,
  And soft white hands could hardly earn
  A living that would serve his turn;

A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants,
  His stomach craves for dainty fare;
With sated heart, he hears the pants
  Of toiling hinds with brown arms bare,
  And wearies in his easy chair;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
  Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
  King of two hands, he does his part
  In every useful toil and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
  Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,
A rank adjudged by toil-won merit,
  Content that from employment springs,
  A heart that in his labor sings;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
  A patience learned of being poor,
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,
  A fellow-feeling that is sure
  To make the outcast bless his door;
A heritage, it seems to me,
  A king might wish to hold in fee.

O, rich man's son! there is a toil,
  That with all others level stands;
  Large charity doth never soil,
  But only whiten, soft white hands,—
  This is the best crop from thy lands;
A heritage, it seems to be,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O, poor man's son! scorn not thy state;
  There is worse weariness than thine,
In merely being rich and great;
  Toil only gives the soul to shine,
  And makes rest fragrant and benign,
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
  Are equal in the earth at last;
Both, children of the same dear God,
  Prove title to your heirship vast
  By record of a well-filled past;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

JOHN LYLY

1553—1606

CARDS AND KISSES

Cupid and my Campaspe played
At cards for kisses—Cupid paid:
He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows,
His mother's doves and team of sparrows;
Loses them too; then down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose

Growing on 's cheek (but none knows how)
With these, the crystal of his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin:
All these did my Campaspe win.
At last he set her both his eyes—
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O Love! has she done this for thee?
What shall, alas! become of me?

SPRING'S WELCOME

WHAT bird so sings, yet so does wail?
O 't is the ravished nightingale.
Jug, jug, jug, jug, tereu! she cries,
And still her woes at midnight rise.
Brave prick-song! Who is 't now we hear?
None but the lark so shrill and clear;
Now at heaven's gate she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings.
Hark, hark, with what a pretty throat
Poor robin redbreast tunes his note!
Hark how the jolly cuckoos sing
Cuckoo! to welcome in the spring
Cuckoo! to welcome in the spring

HENRY F. LYTE

1793—1847

ABIDE WITH ME

ABIDE with me! Fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens: Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away:
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou, who changest not, abide with me!

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
But as thou dwell'st with thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,—
Come, not to sojourn, but abide, with me!

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings;
But kind and good, with healing in thy wings:
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Come, Friend of sinners, and thus bide with me!

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left thee:
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

I need thy presence every passing hour.
What but thy grace can foil the Tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting, where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life and death, O Lord, abide with me!

WILLIAM HAINES LYTLE

1826—1863

ANTONY TO CLEOPATRA

I AM dying, Egypt, dying!
  Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,
And the dark Plutonian shadows
  Gather on the evening blast;
Let thine arm, O Queen, enfold me,
  Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear,
Listen to the great heart secrets
  Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions
  Bear their eagles high no more,
And my wrecked and scattered galleys
  Strew dark Actium's fatal shore;
Though no glittering guards surround me,
  Prompt to do their master's will,
I must perish like a Roman,
  Die the great Triumvir still.

Let not Cæsar's servile minions
  Mock the lion thus laid low;
'Twas no foeman's arm that felled him,
  'Twas his own that struck the blow:
His who, pillowed on thy bosom,
  Turned aside from glory's ray—
His who drunk with thy caresses,
  Madly threw a world away.

Should the base plebeian rabble
  Dare assail my name at Rome,
Where the noble spouse Octavia
  Weeps within her widowed home,

Seek her; say the gods bear witness,—
  Altars, augurs, circling wings,—
That her blood, with mine commingled,
  Yet shall mount the thrones of kings.

And for thee, star-eyed Egyptian—
  Glorious sorceress of the Nile!
Light the path to Stygian horrors,
  With the splendor of thy smile;
Give the Cæsar crowns and arches,
  Let his brow the laurel twine:
I can scorn the senate's triumphs,
  Triumphing in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying!
  Hark! the insulting foeman's cry;
They are coming—quick, my falchion!
  Let me front them ere I die.
Ah, no more amid the battle
  Shall my heart exulting swell;
Isis and Osiris guard thee—
  Cleopatra—Rome—farewell!

BULWER LYTTON

1803—1873

WHEN STARS ARE IN THE QUIET SKIES

When stars are in the quiet skies,
  Then most I pine for thee;
Bend on me then thy tender eyes,
  As stars look on the sea!
For thoughts, like waves that glide by night,
  Are stillest when they shine;
Mine earthly love lies hush'd in light
  Beneath the heaven of thine.

There is an hour when angels keep
  Familiar watch o'er men,
When coarser souls are wrapp'd in sleep—
  Sweet spirit, meet me then!
There is an hour when holy dreams
  Through slumber fairest glide;
And in that mystic hour it seems
  Thou shouldst be by my side.

My thoughts of thee too sacred are
  For daylight's common beam:
I can but know thee as my star,
  My angel and my dream;
When stars are in the quiet skies,
  Then most I pine for thee;
Bend on me then thy tender eyes,
  As stars look on the sea!

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

1800—1859

FROM "HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE"

Lars Porsena of Clusium
  By the Nine Gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin
  Should suffer wrong no more.
By the Nine Gods he swore it,
  And named a trysting day,
And bade his messengers ride forth,
East and west and south and north,
  To summon his array.

Fast by the royal standard,
  O'erlooking all the war,

Lars Porsena of Clusium
  Sat in his ivory car.
By the right wheel rode Mamilius,
  Prince of the Latian name;
And by the left false Sextus,
  That wrought the deed of shame.

But when the face of Sextus
  Was seen among the foes,
A yell that rent the firmament
  From all the town arose.
On the house-tops was no woman
  But spat towards him and hissed,
No child but screamed out curses,
  And shook its little fist.

But the Consul's brow was sad,
  And the Consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall,
  And darkly at the foe.
"Their van will be upon us
  Before the bridge goes down;
And if they once may win the bridge
  What hope to save the town?"

Then out spake brave Horatius,
  The Captain of the Gate:
"To every man upon this earth
  Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
  Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
  And the temples of his Gods,

"And for the tender mother
  Who dandled him to rest,
And for the wife who nurses
  His baby at her breast,
And for the holy maidens
  Who feed the eternal flame,
To save them from false Sextus
  That wrought the deed of shame?

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
  With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
  Will hold the foe in play.
In yon strait path a thousand
  May well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand,
  And keep the bridge with me?"

Then out spake Spurius Lartius;
  A Ramnian proud was he:
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
  And keep the bridge with thee."
And out spake strong Herminius;
  Of Titian blood was he:
"I will abide on thy left side,
  And keep the bridge with thee."

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,
  "As thou sayest, so let it be."
And straight against that great array
  Forth went the dauntless Three.
For Romans in Rome's quarrel
  Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
  In the brave days of old.

Then none was for a party;
  Then all were for the State;
Then the great man helped the poor,
  And poor man loved the great;
Then lands were fairly portioned;
  Then spoils were fairly sold:
The Romans were like brothers
  In the brave days of old.

Now Roman is to Roman
  More hateful than a foe,
And the Tribunes beard the high,
  And the Fathers grind the low.
As we wax hot in faction,
  In battle we wax cold;
Wherefore men fight not as they fought
  In the brave days of old.

Was none who would be foremost
  To lead such dire attack:
But those behind cried "Forward!"
  And those before cried "Back!"
And backward now and forward
  Wavers the deep array;
And on the tossing sea of steel
To and fro the standards reel;
And the victorious trumpet-peal
  Dies fitfully away.

Yet one man for one moment
  Stood out before the crowd;
Well known was he to all the Three,
  And they gave him greeting loud,

"Now welcome, welcome, Sextus!
  Now welcome to thy home!
Why dost thou stay and turn away?
  Here lies the road to Rome."

Thrice looked he at the city;
  Thrice looked he at the dead;
And thrice came on in fury,
  And thrice turned back in dread:
And, white with fear and hatred,
  Scowled at the narrow way
Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,
  The bravest Tuscans lay.

But meanwhile axe and lever
  Have manfully been plied;
And now the bridge hangs tottering
  Above the boiling tide.
"Come back, come back, Horatius!"
  Loud cried the Fathers all.
"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
  Back, ere the ruin fall!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius;
  Herminius darted back:
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
  They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces,
  And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
  They would have crossed once more.

But with a crash like thunder
  Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
  Lay right athwart the stream;
And a long shout of triumph
  Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
  Was splashed the yellow foam.

And, like a horse unbroken
  When first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard
  And tossed his tawny mane,
And burst the curb, and bounded,
  Rejoicing to be free,
And whirling down, in fierce career,
Battlement, and plank, and pier,
  Rushed headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
  But constant still in mind,
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
  And the broad flood behind.
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus,
  With a smile on his pale face.
"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,
  "Now yield thee to our grace."

Round turned he, as not deigning
  Those craven ranks to see;
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
  To Sextus naught spake he;

But he saw on Palatinus
  The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
  That rolls by the towers of Rome.

"O Tiber! father Tiber!
  To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
  Take thou in charge this day!"
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
  The good sword by his side.
And with his harness on his back,
  Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
  Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
  Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges
  They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry
And even the ranks of Tuscany
  Could scarce forbear to cheer.

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus;
  "Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day
  We should have sacked the town."
"Heaven help him," quoth Lars Porsena,
  "And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
  Was never seen before."

And now he feels the bottom;
  Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers
  To press his gory hands;
And now, with shouts and clapping,
  And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-Gate,
  Borne by the joyous crowd.

When the oldest cask is opened,
  And the largest lamp is lit;
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
  And the kid turns on the spit;
When young and old in circle
  Around the firebrands close;
When the girls are weaving baskets,
  And the lads are shaping bows;

When the goodman mends his armor,
  And trims his helmet's plume;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
  Goes flashing through the loom;
With weeping and with laughter
  Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
  In the brave days of old.

EPITAPH ON A JACOBITE

To my true king I offered free from stain
Courage and faith; vain faith, and courage vain.
For him, I threw lands, honors, wealth, away.
And one dear hope, that was more prized than they.

For him I languished in a foreign clime,
Gray-haired with sorrow in my manhood's prime;
Heard on Lavernia Scargill's whispering trees,
And pined by Arno for my lovelier Tees;
Beheld each night my home in fevered sleep,
Each morning started from the dream to weep;
Till God who saw me tried too sorely, gave
The resting place I asked, an early grave.
Oh thou, whom chance leads to this nameless stone,
From that proud country which was once mine own,
By those white cliffs I never more must see,
By that dear language which I spake like thee,
Forget all feuds, and shed one English tear
O'er English dust. A broken heart lies here.

IVRY:

A SONG OF THE HUGUENOTS

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines, oh pleasant land of France!
And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,

For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought
thy walls annoy.
Hurrah! Hurrah! a single field hath turned the
chance of war,
Hurrah! Hurrah for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre.

Oh! how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn
of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long
array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's
Flemish spears.
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses
of our land;
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon
in his hand:
And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's
empurpled flood,
And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his
blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the
fate of war,
To fight for His own holy name, and Henry of
Navarre.

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armor
drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his
gallant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was
stern and high.

Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout, "God save our Lord the King!"
"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war.
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin.
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint Andr's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies,—upon them with the lance!
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours. Mayenne hath turned his rein.
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish count is slain.
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.
And then we thought on vengeance, and, all along our van,
"Remember St. Bartholomew," was passed from man to man.
But out spake gentle Henry, "No Frenchman is my foe:
'Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go.'"
Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our Sovereign Lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre?

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for France to-day,
And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey.
But we of the religion have borne us best in fight;
And the good Lord of Rosny has ta'en the cornet white.
Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en,
The cornet white with black, the flag of false Lorraine.

Up with it high; unfurl it wide; that all the host may know
How God hath humbled the proud house which wrought His church such woe.
Then on the ground, while trumpets sound their loudest point of war,
Fling the red shreds, a footcloth meet for Henry of Navarre.

Ho! maidens of Vienna; Ho! matrons of Lucerne;
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.
Ho! Philip, send, for charity, the Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls.
Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright;
Ho! burghers of Saint Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night.
For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,
And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valor of the brave.
Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are:
And glory to our Sovereign Lord, King Henry of Navarre.

THE ARMADA:

Attend, all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise;
I tell of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in ancient days,

When that great fleet invincible against her bore in vain
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day,
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Plymouth Bay;
Her crew hath seen Castile's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's isle,
At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many a mile.
At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace;
And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her close in chase.
Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the wall;
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecumbe's lofty hall;
Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry along the coast,
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many a post.
With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old sheriff comes;
Behind him march the halberdiers; before him sound the drums;
His yeomen round the market cross make clear an ample space;
For there behoves him to set up the standard of Her Grace.

And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gayly dance the bells,
As slow upon the laboring wind the royal blazon swells.
Look how the Lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down.
So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed Picard field,
Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle shield.
So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turned to bay,
And crushed and torn beneath his claws the princely hunters lay.
Ho! strike the flagstaff deep, Sir Knight: Ho! scatter flowers, fair maids:
Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute: Ho! gallants, draw your blades:
Thou sun, shine on her joyously; ye breezes, waft her wide;
Our glorious SEMPER EADEM, the banner of our pride.
The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's massy fold
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll of gold
Night sank upon the dusky beach and on the purple sea,
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor ne'er again shall be.

From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford Bay,
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day;
For swift to east and swift to west the ghastly war-flame spread,
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone: it shone on Beachy Head.
Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire.
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves:
The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's sunless caves:
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery herald flew:
He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers of Beaulieu.
Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from Bristol town,
And ere the day three hundred horse had met on Clifton down;
The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the night,
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill the streak of blood-red light.
Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the deathlike silence broke,
And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city woke.

At once on all her stately gates arose the answering fires;
At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling spires;
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice of fear;
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer:
And from the furthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying feet,
And the broad streams of pikes and flags rushed down each roaring street;
And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,
As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in:
And eastward straight from wild Blackheath the war-like errand went,
And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant squires of Kent.
Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those bright couriers forth;
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started for the north;
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still:
All night from tower to tower they sprang; they sprang from hill to hill:
Till the proud peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's rocky dales,
Till, like volcanoes, flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales,

Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's
lonely height,
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's
crest of light,
Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's
stately fane,
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the
boundless plain;
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln
sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale
of Trent;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's
embattled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers
of Carlisle.

* * * * *

GEORGE MACDONALD

1824—1905

MARTIN ELGINBRODDE

HERE lie I, Martin Elginbrodde:
Hae mercy o' my soul, Lord God,
As I wad do were I Lord God,
And ye were Martin Elginbrodde.

CHARLES MACKAY

1814—1889

TUBAL CAIN

OLD Tubal Cain was a man of might
In the days when Earth was young:
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright
The strokes of his hammer rung;

And he lifted high his brawny hand
  On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
  As he fashioned the sword and spear.
And he sang: "Hurra for my handiwork!
  Hurra for the spear and sword!
Hurra for the hand that shall wield them well,
  For he shall be king and lord!"

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
  As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade
  As the crown of his desire;
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
  Till they shouted loud for glee,
And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,
  And spoils of the forest free.
And they sang "Hurra for Tubal Cain,
  Who has given us strength anew!
Hurra for the smith, hurra for the fire,
  And hurra for the metal true!"

But a sudden change came over his heart
  Ere the setting of the sun,
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
  For the evil he had done;
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
  Made war upon their kind,
That land was red with the blood they shed,
  In their lust for carnage blind.
And he said: "Alas! that ever I made,
  Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword for men whose joy
  Is to slay their fellow-man!"

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
  Sat brooding over his woe;
And his hand forebore to smite the ore,
  And his furnace smoldered low.
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
  And a bright courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
  While the quick flames mounted high.
And he sang: "Hurra for my handiwork!"
  And the red sparks lit the air;
"Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made,"
  And he fashioned the first ploughshare.

PERCY MACKAYE

1875—

THE AUTOMOBILE

Fluid the world flowed under us: the hills
  Billow on billow of umbrageous green
  Heaved us, aghast, to fresh horizons, seen
One rapturous instant, blind with flash of rills
And silver-rising storms and dewy stills
  Of dripping boulders, till the dim ravine
  Drowned us again in leafage, whose serene
Coverts grew loud with our tumultuous wills.

Then all of Nature's old amazement seemed
  Sudden to ask us: "Is this also man?
  This plunging, volant, land-amphibian
What Plato mused and Paracelsus dreamed?
  Reply!" And piercing us with ancient scan,
The shrill, primeval hawk gazed down—and screamed.

FRANCIS MAHONY

1805—1866

THE SHANDON BELLS

With deep affection
And recollection
I often think of
  Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
  Their magic spells.
On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
  Sweet Cork, of thee,
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
  Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
  Cathedral shrine,
While at a glibe rate
Brass tongues would vibrate—
But all their music
  Spoke naught like thine;
For memory, dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of the belfry, knelling
  Its bold notes free,

Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
  Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling
Old Adrian's Mole in,
Their thunder rolling
  From the Vatican,
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
  Of Notre Dame;
But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber,
  Pealing solemnly:
Oh! the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
  Of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow;
While on tower and kiosk oh!
In Saint Sophia
  The Turkman gets,
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer,
From the tapering summit
  Of tall minarets.
Such empty phantom
I freely grant them;
But there's an anthem
  More dear to me:

'Tis the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

MALORY

MORTE D'ARTHUR

"LAMENT OF SIR ECTOR FOR THE DEATH OF SIR LAUNCELOT"

And when Sir Ector heard such noise and light in the quire of Joyous Gard, he alighted and put his horse from him, and came into the quire, and there he saw men sing and weep.

And all they knew Sir Ector, but he knew not them. Then went Sir Bors unto Sir Ector, and told him how there lay his brother, Sir Launcelot, dead; and then Sir Ector threw his shield, sword, and helm from him. And when he beheld Sir Launcelot's visage, he fell down in a swoon.

And when he waked it were hard any tongue to tell the doleful complaints that he made for his brother. Ah Launcelot, he said, thou were head of all Christian knights, and now I dare say, said Sir Ector, thou Sir Launcelot, there thou liest, that thou were never matched of earthly knight's hand. And thou were the courteoust knight that ever bare shield. And thou were the truest friend to thy lover that ever bestrad horse. And thou were the truest lover of a sinful man that ever loved woman. And thou were the kindest man that ever struck with sword. And thou were the goodliest person that ever came among press of knights. And thou was

the meekest man and the gentlest that ever ate in hall among ladies. And thou were the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put spear in the rest. Then there was weeping and dolour out of measure.

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN

1803—1849

DARK ROSALEEN

O my Dark Rosaleen,
  Do not sigh, do not weep!
The priests are on the ocean green,
  They march along the deep.
There's wine from the royal Pope,
  Upon the ocean green;
And Spanish ale shall give you hope,
  My Dark Rosaleen!
  My own Rosaleen!
Shall glad your heart, shall give you hope,
Shall give you health, and help, and hope,
  My Dark Rosaleen!

Over hills, and through dales,
  Have I roam'd for your sake;
All yesterday I sail'd with sails
  On river and on lake.
The Erne, at its highest flood,
  I dash'd across unseen,
For there was lightning in my blood,
  My Dark Rosaleen!
  My own Rosaleen!

O there was lightning in my blood,
Red lightning lighten'd through my blood,
  My Dark Rosaleen!

All day long, in unrest,
  To and fro, do I move,
The very soul within my breast
  Is waste for you, love!
The heart in my bosom faints
  To think of you, my queen,
My life of life, my saint of saints,
  My Dark Rosaleen!
  My own Rosaleen!
To hear your sweet and sad complaints,
My life, my love, my saint of saints,
  My Dark Rosaleen!

Woe and pain, pain and woe,
  Are my lot, night and noon,
To see your bright face clouded so,
  Like to the mournful moon.
But yet will I rear your throne
  Again in golden sheen;
'Tis you shall reign, shall reign alone,
  My Dark Rosaleen!
  My own Rosaleen!
'Tis you shall have the golden throne,
'Tis you shall reign, and reign alone,
  My Dark Rosaleen!

Over dews, over sands,
  Will I fly for your weal:
Your holy, delicate white hands
  Shall girdle me with steel.

At home in your emerald bowers,
  From morning's dawn till e'en,
You'll pray for me, my flower of flowers,
  My Dark Rosaleen!
  My fond Rosaleen!
You'll think of me through daylight's hours,
My virgin flower, my flower of flowers,
  My Dark Rosaleen!

I could scale the blue air,
  I could plough the high hills,
O, I could kneel all night in prayer,
  To heal your many ills!
And one beamy smile from you
  Would float like light between
My toils and me, my own, my true,
  My Dark Rosaleen!
  My fond Rosaleen!
Would give me life and soul anew,
A second life, a soul anew,
  My Dark Rosaleen!

O! the Erne shall run red
  With redundance of blood,
The earth shall rock beneath our tread,
  And flames warp hill and wood,
And gun-peal and slogan cry
  Wake many a glen serene,
Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,
  My Dark Rosaleen!
  My own Rosaleen!
The Judgment Hour must first be nigh,
Ere you can fade, ere you can die,
  My Dark Rosaleen!

EDWIN MARKHAM

1852—

LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE

When the Norn Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour
Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,
She left the Heaven of Heroes and came down
To make a man to meet the mortal need.
She took the tried clay of the common road—
Clay warm yet with the genial heat of Earth,
Dasht through it all a strain of prophecy,
Tempered the heap with thrill of human tears
Then mixt a laughter with the serious stuff.
Into the shape she breathed a flame to light
That tender, tragic, ever-changing face;
And laid on him a sense of the Mystic Powers,
Moving—all husht—behind the mortal vail.
Here was a man to hold against the world,
A man to match the mountains and the sea.

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth,
The smack and tang of elemental things:
The rectitude and patience of the cliff,
The good-will of the rain that loves all leaves,
The friendly welcome of the wayside well,
The courage of the bird that dares the sea,
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn
The pity of the snow that hides all scars,
The secrecy of streams that make their way
Under the mountain to the rifted rock,
The tolerance and equity of light
That gives as freely to the shrinking flower

As to the great oak flaring to the wind—
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky. Sprung from the West,
He drank the valorous youth of a new world.
The strength of virgin forests braced his mind,
The hush of spacious prairies stilled his soul.
His words were oaks in acorns; and his thoughts
Were roots that firmly gript the granite truth.

Up from log cabin to the Capitol,
One fire was on his spirit, one resolve—
To send the keen ax to the root of wrong,
Clearing a free way for the feet of God,
The eyes of conscience testing every stroke,
To make his deed the measure of a man.
He built the rail-pile as he built the State,
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow:
The grip that swung the ax in Illinois
Was on the pen that set a people free.

So came the Captain with the mighty heart;
And when the judgment thunders split the house,
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient rest,
He held the ridgepole up, and spikt again
The rafters of the Home. He held his place—
Held the long purpose like a growing tree—
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise—
Held on in calm rough-hewn sublimity.
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

THE MAN WITH THE HOE

God made man in his own image
in the image of God He made him.—Genesis.

BOWED by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land;
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;
To feel the passion of Eternity?
Is this the dream He dreamed who shaped the suns
And markt their ways upon the ancient deep?
Down all the caverns of Hell to their last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this——
More tongued with censure of the world's blind
greed—
More filled with signs and portents for the soul—
More packt with danger to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!
Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,

The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?
Thru this dread shape the suffering ages look;
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;
Thru this dread shape humanity betrayed,
Plundered, profaned and disinherited,
Cries protest to the Powers that made the world,
A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to God,
This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quencht?
How will you ever straighten up this shape;
Touch it again with immortality;
Give back the upward looking and the light;
Rebuild in it the music and the dream;
Make right the immemorial infamies,
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
How will the future reckon with this Man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake all shores?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—
When this dumb Terror shall rise to judge the world,
After the silence of the centuries?

OUTWITTED

He drew a circle that shut me out—
Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout.
But Love and I had the wit to win:
We drew a circle that took him in!

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

1564—1593

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE

Come live with me and be my Love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull,
Fair linéd slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivy buds
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my Love.

Thy silver dishes for thy meat
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall on an ivory table be
Prepared each day for thee and me.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May-morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my Love.

HELEN

From "Dr. Faustus"

Was this the face that launched a thousand ships,
And burned the topless towers of Ilium?—
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss!—
Her lips suck forth my soul: see where it flees!—
Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.
Here will I dwell, for heaven is in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helen.
I will be Paris, and for love of thee
Instead of Troy, shall Wittenberg be sacked,
And I will combat with weak Menelaus,
And wear thy colors on my plumèd crest;
Yes, I will wound Achilles in the heel,
And then return to Helen for a kiss.
Oh, thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars!

DON MARQUIS

1878—

A DREAM CHILD

Where tides of tossed wistaria bloom
  Foam up in purple turbulence,
Where twining boughs have built a room
  And wing'd winds pause to garner scents
And scattered sunlight flecks the gloom,
  She broods in pensive indolence.

What is the thought that holds her thrall,
  That dims her sight with unshed tears?
What songs of sorrow droop and fall
  In broken music for her ears?
What voices thrill her and recall
  The poignant joy of happier years?

She dreams 'tis not the winds which pass
  That whisper through the shaken vine;
Whose footstep stirs the rustling grass
  None else that listened might divine;
She sees her child that never was
  Look up with longing in his eyne.

Unkissed, his lifted forehead gains
  A grace not earthly, but more rare—
For since her heart but only feigns,
  Wherefore should love not feign him fair?
Put blood of roses in his veins,
  Weave yellow sunshines for his hair?

All ghosts of little children dead
  That wander wistful, uncaressed,
Their seeking lips by love unfed,
  She fain would cradle on her breast
For his sweet sake whose lonely head
  Has never known that tender rest.

And thus she sits, and thus she broods,
  Where drifted blossoms freak the grass;
The winds that move across her moods
  Pulse with low whispers as they pass,
And in their eerier interludes
  She hears a voice that never was.

APRIL SONG

FLEET across the grasses
  Flash the feet of Spring,
Piping, as he passes
Fleet across the grasses,
"Follow, lads and lasses!
  Sing, world, sing!"
Fleet across the grasses
  Flash the feet of Spring!

Idle winds deliver
  Rumors through the town,
Tales of reeds that quiver,
Idle winds deliver,
Where the rapid river
  Drags the willows down—
Idle winds deliver
  Rumors through the town.

In the country places
  By the silver brooks
April airs her graces;
In the country places
Wayward April paces,
  Laughter in her looks;
In the country places
  By the silver brooks.

Hints of alien glamor
  Even reach the town;
Urban muses stammer
Hints of alien glamor,

But the city's clamor
Beats the voices down;
Hints of alien glamor
Even reach the town.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

TO HARRY DIXEY

Do you remember that first Morning Drink
When Ed would smile and say, "What shall it be?"
"Would you advise a Gin Fizz, Ed, for me?"
"It is too early for a Fizz, I think."
"And would an Absinthe put me on the blink,
I wonder, Ed?"—"Absinthe would not agree
This morning, sir."—"Then what's your recipe?"
"A bland Club Cocktail, delicate and pink!"

O kindly Barkeeps that have raised me up
From morning glooms and made me live again,
Where are ye now, and where your wizardry?
As dead as great Ulysses' faithful pup!
As dead as Babylon and James G. Blaine!
As dead as Gyp the Blood and Nineveh!

MARTIAL

LATIN

40—100

EPITAPH ON EROTION

UNDERNEATH this greedy stone
Lies little sweet Erotion;
Whom the Fates, with hearts as cold,
Nipped away at six years old.

Thou, whoever thou may'st be,
That hast this small field after me,
Let the yearly rites be paid
To her little slender shade;
So shall no disease or jar
Hurt thy house, or chill thy Lar;
But this tomb here be alone,
The only melancholy stone.

Translated by Leigh Hunt

ANDREW MARVELL

1621—1678

"TO HIS COY MISTRESS"

HAD we but world enough, and time,
This coyness, Lady, were no crime.
We would sit down and think which way
To walk and pass our long love's day.
Thou by the Indian Ganges' side
Shouldst rubies find: I by the tide
Of Humber would complain. I would
Love you ten years before the Flood;
And you should, if you please, refuse
Till the conversion of the Jews.
My vegetable love should grow
Vaster than empires, and more slow;
An hundred years should go to praise
Thine eyes and on thy forehead gaze;
Two hundred to adore each breast,
But thirty thousand to the rest;
An age at least to every part,
And the last age should show your heart.

For, Lady, you deserve this state,
Nor would I love at lower rate.
But at my back I always hear
Time's wingèd chariot hurrying near;
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast eternity.

THEOPHILE MARZIALS

1850—

A TRAGEDY

She was only a woman, famished for loving,
  Mad with devotion, and such slight things;
And he was a very great musician,
  And used to finger his fiddle-strings.

Her heart's sweet gamut is cracking and breaking
  For a look, for a touch—for such slight things;
But he's such a very great musician
  Grimacing and fingering his fiddle-strings.

JOHN MASEFIELD

1876—

CARGOES

Quinquireme of Nineveh from distant Ophir,
Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine,
With a cargo of ivory,
And apes and peacocks,
Sandalwood, cedarwood and sweet white wine.

Stately Spanish galleon coming from the Isthmus
Dipping through the Tropics by the palm-green
  shores,

With a cargo of diamonds,
Emeralds, amethysts,
Topazes, and cinnamon and gold moidores.

Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smoke stack,
Butting through the Channel in the mad March days,
With a cargo of Tyne coal,
Road-rails, pig-lead,
Firewood, iron-ware and cheap tin trays.

D'AVALOS' PRAYER

When the last sea is sailed and the last shallow charted,
When the last field is reaped and the last harvest stored,
When the last fire is out and the last guest departed,
Grant the last prayer that I shall pray, Be good to me, O Lord!

And let me pass in a night at sea, a night of storm and thunder,
In the loud crying of the wind through sail and rope and spar;
Send me a ninth great peaceful wave to drown and roll me under
To the cold tunny-fishes' home where the drowned galleons are.

And in the dim green quiet place far out of sight and hearing,
Grant I may hear at whiles the wash and thresh of the seafoam

About the fine keen bows of the stately clippers steering
Towards the lone northern star and the fair ports of home.

FROM "THE EVERLASTING MERCY"

So up the road I wander slow
Past where the snowdrops used to grow
With celandines in early springs,
When rainbows were triumphant things
And dew so bright and flowers so glad,
Eternal joy to lass and lad.
And past the lovely brook I paced,
The brook whose source I never traced,
The brook, the one of two which rise
In my green dream of Paradise,
In wells where heavenly buckets clink
To give God's wandering thirsty drink
By those clean cots of carven stone
Where the clear water sings alone.
Then down, past that white-blossomed pond,
Hulking a rabbit warm from wire.
I loved to see the horses bait.
I felt I walked at Heaven's gate,
That Heaven's gate was opened wide
Yet still the gipsies camped outside.
The waste souls will prefer the wild,
Long after life is meed and mild.
Perhaps when man has entered in
His perfect city free from sin,
The campers will come past the walls
With old lame horses full of galls,

And waggons hung about with withies,
And burning coke in tinker's stithies,
And see the golden town, and choose,
And think the wild too good to lose.
And camp outside, as these camped then
With wonder at the entering men.
So past, and past the stone heap white
That dewberry trailers hid from sight,
And down the field so full of springs,
And past the chestnut trees beyond,
And past the bridge the fishers knew,
Where yellow flag flowers once grew,
Where we'd go gathering cops of clover,
In sunny June times long since over.
O clover-cops half white, half red,
O beauty from beyond the dead.
O blossom, key to earth and Heaven,
O souls that Christ has new forgiven.

Then down the hill to gipsies' pitch
By where the brook clucks in the ditch.
A gipsy's camp was in the copse,
Three felted tents, with beehive tops,
And round black marks where fires had been,
And one old waggon painted green,
And three ribbed horses wrenching grass,
And three wild boys to watch me pass,
And one old woman by the fire
Where mewing peewits clap their wings,
And past the trap made for the mill
Into the field below the hill.
There was a mist along the stream,
A wet mist, dim, like in a dream;

I heard the heavy breath of cows,
And waterdrops from th'alder boughs;
And eels, or snakes, in dripping grass,
Whipping aside to let me pass.
The gate was backed against the ryme
To pass the cows at milking time.
And by the gate as I went out
A moldwarp rooted earth wi's snout.
A few steps up the Callows' Lane
Brought me above the mist again,
The two great fields arose like death
Above the mists of human breath.

All earthly things that blessèd morning
Were everlasting joy and warning.
The gate was Jesus' way made plain,
The mole was Satan foiled again,
Black blinded Satan snouting way
Along the red of Adam's clay;
The mist was error and damnation,
The lane the road unto salvation.
Out of the mist into the light,
O blessèd gift of inner sight.
The past was faded like a dream;
There come the jingling of a team,
A ploughman's voice, a clink of chain,
Slow hoofs, and harness under strain.
Up the slow slope a team came bowing,
Old Callow at his autumn ploughing,
Old Callow, stooped above the hales,
Ploughing the stubble into wales.
His grave eyes looking straight ahead,
Shearing a long straight furrow red;

His plough-foot high to give it earth
To bring new food for men to birth.
O wet red swathe of earth laid bare,
O truth, O strength, O gleaming share,
O patient eyes that watch the goal,
O ploughman of the sinner's soul.
O Jesus, drive the coulter deep
To plough my living man from sleep.

Slow up the hill the plough team plod,
Old Callow at the task of God,
Helped by man's wit, helped by the brute,
Turning a stubborn clay to fruit,
His eyes forever on some sign
To help him plough a perfect line.
At top of rise the plough team stopped,
The fore-horse bent his head and cropped.
Then the chains chack, the brasses jingle,
The lean reins gather through the cringle,
The figures move against the sky,
The clay wave breaks as they go by.
I kneeled there in the muddy fallow,
I knew that Christ was there with Callow,
That Christ was standing there with me,
That Christ had taught me what to be,
That I should plough, and as I ploughed
My Saviour Christ would sing aloud,
And as I drove the clods apart
Christ would be ploughing in my heart,
Through rest-harrow and bitter roots,
Through all my bad life's rotten fruits.

O Christ who holds the open gate,
O Christ who drives the furrow straight,

O Christ, the plough, O Christ, the laughter
Of holy white birds flying after,
Lo, all my heart's field red and torn,
And Thou wilt bring the young green corn,
The young green corn divinely springing,
The young green corn forever singing;
And when the field is fresh and fair
Thy blessèd feet shall glitter there,
And we will walk the weeded field,
And tell the golden harvest's yield,
The corn that makes the holy bread
By which the soul of man is fed,
The holy bread, the food unpriced,
Thy everlasting mercy, Christ.

The share will jar on many a stone,
Thou wilt not let me stand alone;
And I shall feel (thou wilt not fail),
Thy hand on mine upon the hale.
Near Bullen Bank, on Gloucester Road,
Thy everlasting mercy showed
The ploughman patient on the hill
Forever there, forever still,
Ploughing the hill with steady yoke
Of pine-trees lightning-struck and broke.
I've marked the May Hill ploughman stay
There on his hill, day after day
Driving his team against the sky,
While men and women live and die.
And now and then he seems to stoop
To clear the coulter with the scoop,
Or touch an ox to haw or gee
While Severn stream goes out to sea.

The sea with all her ships and sails,
And that great smoky port in Wales,
And Gloucester tower bright i' the sun,
All know that patient wandering one.
And sometimes when they burn the leaves
The bonfires' smoking trails and heaves,
And girt red flames twink and twire
As though He ploughed the hill afire.
And in men's hearts in many lands
A spiritual ploughman stands
Forever waiting, waiting now,
The heart's "Put in, man, zook the plough."

By this the sun was all one glitter,
The little birds were all in twitter;
Out of a tuft a little lark
Went higher up than I could mark,
His little throat was all one thirst
To sing until his heart should burst
To sing aloft in golden light
His song from blue air out of sight.
The mist drove by, and now the cows
Came plodding up to milking house.
Followed by Frank, the Callows' cowman,
Who whistled "Adam was a ploughman."
There come such cawing from the rooks,
Such running chuck from little brooks,
One thought it March, just budding green,
With hedgerows full of celandine.
An otter 'out of stream and played,
Two hares come loping up and stayed;
Wide-eyed and tender-eared but bold.
Sheep bleated up by Penny's fold.

I heard a partridge covey call,
The morning sun was bright on all.
Down the long slope the plough team drove
The tossing rooks arose and hove.
A stone struck on the share. A word
Came to the team. The red earth stirred.

I crossed the hedge by shooter's gap,
I hitched my boxer's belt a strap,
I jumped the ditch and crossed the fallow:
I took the hales from Farmer Callow.

How swift the summer goes,
Forget-me-not, pink, rose.
The young grass when I started
And now the hay is carted,
And now my song is ended,
And all the summer spended;
The blackbird's second brood
Routs beech leaves in the wood;
The pink and rose have speeded,
Forget-me-not has seeded.

Only the winds that blew,
The rain that makes things new,
The earth that hides things old,
And blessings manifold.

O lovely lily clean,
O lily springing green,
O lily bursting white,
Dear lily of delight,
Spring in my heart agen
That I may flower to men.

JOHN MASON

—1694

THERE IS A STREAM

THERE is a Stream, which issues forth
  From GOD's eternal Throne,
And from the Lamb,—a living stream
  Clear as the crystal stone.

The stream doth water Paradise;
  It makes the Angels sing;
One cordial drop revives my heart;
  Hence all my joys do spring.

Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
  From fancy 'tis conceal'd,
What THOU, LORD, hast laid up for Thine,
  And hast to me reveal'd.

WALT MASON

1862—

PRETTY GOOD SCHEMES

IT'S a pretty good scheme to be cheery and sing as you follow the road, for a good many pilgrims are weary and hopelessly carry the load; their hearts from the journey are breaking, and a rod seems to them like a mile; and it may be the noise you are making will hearten them up for awhile.

It's a pretty good scheme in your joking to cut out the jest that's unkind, for the barbed kind of fun you are poking some fellow may carry in mind; and a good many hearts have been broken, a good

many hearts fond and true, by words that were carelessly spoken by alecky fellows like you.

It's a pretty good scheme to be doing some choring around while you can; for the gods with their gifts are pursuing the earnest, industrious man; and those gods in their own Eldorado are laying up wrath for the one who loafs all the day in the shadow while others toil out in the sun.

THE WORKERS

THE carpenter is driving some nails into a plank; the ostler's blithely striving to clean a charger's shank; the baseball artist pitches, the farmer plows for riches, the hired man's digging ditches, or toiling at a crank. The sailor ties his bow-knots and shins up tarry ropes; the baker cooks his doughnuts, the grocer sells his soaps; some chaps are busy clerking, or engine levers jerking, and other men are working, producing white men's hopes. I look upon my neighbors, and have new faith in man; each busy at his labors, and doing what he can; to be forever doing, achieving and pursuing, a-sawing wood and hewing —that is the only plan. But now the weird spellbinder appears upon the scene; he gnashes tusk and grinder with fierce and awful mien; he makes the toilers weary of work that once seemed cheery; he springs some foolish theory that rankles in his bean. The talkers, O the talkers, who rant and pirouette! Discouragers and mockers of all who toil and sweat! They keep the welkin dented, and all their noise is vented to make men discontented and sore, already yet!

EDGAR LEE MASTERS

1868—

DOC HILL

I WENT up and down the streets
Here and there by day and night,
Through all hours of the night caring for the poor
who were sick.
Do you know why?
My wife hated me, my son went to the dogs.
And I turned to the people and poured out my love
to them.
Sweet it was to see the crowds about the lawns on
the day of my funeral,
And hear them murmur their love and sorrow.
But oh, dear God, my soul trembled, scarcely able
To hold to the railing of the new life
When I saw Em Stanton behind the oak tree
At the grave,
Hiding herself, and her grief!

MOLLIE McGEE

HAVE you seen walking through the village
A man with downcast eyes and haggard face?
That is my husband, who, by secret cruelty
Never to be told, robbed me of my youth and my
beauty;
Till at last, wrinkled and with yellow teeth,
And with broken pride and shameful humility,
I sank into the grave.
But what think you gnaws at my husband's heart?

The face of what I was, the face of what he made me!
These are driving him to the place where I lie.
In death, therefore, I am avenged.

ANNE RUTLEDGE

Out of me unworthy and unknown
The vibrations of deathless music:
"With malice toward none, with charity for all."
Out of me the forgiveness of millions toward millions,
And the beneficent face of a nation
Shining with justice and truth.
I am Anne Rutledge who sleep beneath these weeds,
Beloved in life of Abraham Lincoln,
Wedded to him, not through union,
But through separation.
Bloom forever, O Republic,
From the dust of my bosom!

BRANDER MATTHEWS

1852—1929

AN AMERICAN GIRL

She's had a Vassar education,
  And points with pride to her degrees;
She's studied household decoration;
  She knows a dado from a frieze,
  And tells Corots from Boldonis;
A Jacquemart etching, or a Haden,
  A Whistler, too, perchance might please
A free and frank young Yankee maiden.

She does not care for meditation;
  Within her bonnet are no bees;
She has a gentle animation,
  She joins in singing simple glees.
  She tries no trills, no rivalries
With Lucca (now Baronin Räden),
  With Nilsson or with Gerster; she's
A frank and free young Yankee maiden.

I'm blessed above the whole creation,
  Far, far above all other he's;
I ask you for congratulation
  On this the best of jubilees:
  I go with her across the seas
Unto what Poe would call an Aiden,—
  I hope no serpent's there to tease
A frank and free young Yankee maiden.

ENVOY

Princes, to you the western breeze
  Bears many a ship and heavy laden.
What is the best we send in these?
  A free and frank young Yankee maiden.

GUY DE MAUPASSANT

1850—1893

FRENCH

DESIRES

THE dream of one is to have wings and follow
  The soaring heights of space with clamorous cries;
With lissome fingers seize the supple swallow
  And lose himself in somber gulfs of skies.

Another would have strength with circling shoulder
  To crush the wrestler in his close embrace;
And, not with yielding loins or blood grown colder,
  Stop, with one stroke, wild steeds in frantic chase.

What I love best is loveliness corporeal:
  I would be beautiful as gods of old;
So from my radiant limbs love immemorial
  In hearts of men a living flame should hold.

I would have women love me in wild fashion—
  Choose one to-day and with to-morrow change;
Pleased, when I pass, to pluck the flower of passion,
  As fruits are plucked when forth the fingers range.

Each leaves upon the lips a different flavor;
  These diverse savors bid their sweetness grow.
My fond caress would fly with wandering favor
  From dusky locks to locks of golden glow.

But most of all I love the unlooked-for meeting,
  Those ardors in the blood loosed by a glance,
The conquests of an hour, as swiftly fleeting,
  Kisses exchanged at the sole will of chance.

At daybreak I would dote on the dark charmer,
  Whose clasping arms cling close in amorous swoon;
And, lulled at eve by the blonde siren's murmur,
  Gaze on her pale brow silvered by the moon.

Then my calm heart, that holds no haunting specter,
  Would lightly towards a fresh chimæra haste:
Enough in these delights to sip the nectar,
  For in the dregs there lurks a bitter taste.

(*Translated by W. J. Robertson.*)

JOHN McCRAE

1872—1918

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks still singing bravely fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sun-set glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe!
To you, from failing hands we throw
The torch—be yours to hold it high!
If ye break with us who die,
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

MELEAGER

GREEK

About 90 B.C.

HELIODORE DEAD

Tears for my lady dead—
Heliodore!
Salt tears, and strange to shed,
Over and o'er;
Tears to my lady dead.
Love do we send,

Longed for, rememberèd,
  Lover and friend!
Sad are the songs we sing,
  Tears that we shed,
Empty the gifts we bring
  Gifts to the dead!
Go, tears, and go, lament,
  Fare from her tomb,
Wend where my lady went
  Down through the gloom!
Ah, for my flower, my love,
  Hades hath taken,
Ah, for the dust above
  Scattered and shaken!
Mother of blade and grass,
  Earth, in thy breast
Lull her that gentlest was
  Gently to rest!

Translated by Andrew Lang

GEORGE MEREDITH

1828—1909

JUGGLING JERRY

PITCH here the tent while the old horse grazes
  By the old hedge-side we'll halt the stage,
It's nigh my last above the daisies
  My next leaf'll be a man's blank page.
Yes, my old girl, and it's no use crying
  Juggler, constable, king must bow,
One that outjuggles all's been spying
  Long to have me and he has me now.

We've travelled times to this old common
  Often we've hung our pots in the gorse,
We've had a stirring life, old woman,
  You and I and the old gray horse.
Races, and fairs, and royal occasions,
  Found us coming to their call:
Now they'll miss us at our stations:
  There's a Juggler outjuggles all!

Up goes the lark, as if all were jolly!
  Over the duck-pond the willow shakes.
Easy to think that grieving's folly,
  When the hand's firm as driven stakes!
Ay! when we're strong, and braced, and manful,
  Life's a sweet fiddle; but we're a batch
Born to become the Great Juggler's han'ful:
  Balls he shies up, and is safe to catch.

Here's where the lads of the village cricket;
  I was a lad not wide from here;
Couldn't I whip off the bale from the wicket?
  Like an old world those days appear!
Donkey, sheep, geese, and thatch'd alehouse—I know them!
  They are old friends of my halts, and seem,
Somehow, as if kind thanks I owe them:
  Juggling don't hinder the heart's esteem.

Juggling's no sin, for we must have victual;
  Nature allows us to bait for the fool.
Holding one's own makes us juggle no little;
  But, to increase it, hard juggling's the rule.

You that are sneering at my profession,
  Haven't you juggled a vast amount?
There's the Prime Minister, in one Session,
  Juggles more games than my sins'll count.

I've murder'd insects with mock thunder:
  Conscience, for that, in men don't quail.
I've made bread from the bump of wonder:
  That's my business, and there's my tale.
Fashion and rank all prais'd the professor;
  Ay! and I've had my smile from the Queen:
Bravo, Jerry! she meant: God bless her!
  Ain't this a sermon on that scene?

I've studied men from my topsy-turvy
  Close, and, I reckon, rather true.
Some are fine fellows: some, right scurvy:
  Most, a dash between the two.
But it's a woman, old girl, that makes me
  Think more kindly of the race;
And it's a woman, old girl, that shakes me
  When the Great Juggler I must face.

We two were married, due and legal:
  Honest we've liv'd since we've been one.
Lord! I could then jump like an eagle:
  You danced bright as a bit o' the sun.
Birds in a May-bush we were! right merry!
  All night we kiss'd—we juggled all day.
Joy was the heart of Juggling Jerry!
  Now from his old girl he's juggled away.

It's past parsons to console us:
  No, nor no doctor fetch for me:
I can die without my bolus;
  Two of a trade, lass, never agree!
Parson and Doctor!—don't they love rarely,
  Fighting the devil in other men's fields!
Stand up yourself and match him fairly;
  Then see how the rascal yields!

I, lass, have liv'd no gypsy, flaunting
  Finery while his poor helpmate grubs;
Coin I've stor'd, and you won't be wanting:
  You shan't beg from the troughs and tubs.
Nobly you've stuck to me, though in his kitchen
  Many a Marquis would hail you Cook!
Palaces you could have rul'd and grown rich in,
  But your old Jerry you never forsook.

Hands up the chirper! ripe ale winks in it;
  Let's have comfort and be at peace.
Once a stout draught made me light as a linnet.
  Cheer up! the Lord must have his lease.
May be—for none see in that black hollow—
  It's just a place where we're held in pawn,
And, when the Great Juggler makes us to swallow,
  It's just the sword-trick—I ain't quite gone!

Yonder came smells of the gorse, so nutty,
  Gold-like and warm; it's the prime of May.
Better than mortar, brick, and putty,
  Is God's house on a blowing day.

Lean me more up the mound; now I feel it;
  All the old heath-smells! Ain't it strange?
There's the world laughing, as if to conceal it,
  But He's by us, juggling the change.

I mind it well, by the sea-beach lying,
  Once—it's long gone—when two gulls we beheld,
Which, as the moon got up, were flying
  Down a big wave that spark'd and swell'd.
Crack! went a gun: one fell: the second
  Wheel'd round him twice, and was off for new luck:
There in the dark her white wing beckon'd:—
  Drop me a kiss—I'm the bird dead struck!

OWEN MEREDITH

(Robert Earl of Lytton)

1831—1891

THE DINNER HOUR

FROM "LUCILE"

O HOUR of all hours, the most blest upon earth,
Blest hour of our dinners!
  The land of his birth;
The face of his first love; the bills that he owes;
The twaddle of friends, and venom of foes;
The sermon he heard when to church he last went;
The money he borrow'd, the money he spent;
All of these things a man, I believe, may forget,
And not be the worse for forgetting; but yet

Never, never, oh, never! earth's luckiest sinner
Hath unpunish'd forgotten the hour of his dinner!
Indigestion, that conscience of every bad stomach,
Shall relentlessly gnaw and pursue him some ache
Or some pain; and trouble, remorseless, his best ease,
As the Furies once troubled the sleep of Orestes.

We may live without poetry, music, and art;
We may live without conscience, and live without heart;
We may live without friends; we may live without books;
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.
He may live without books,—what is knowledge but grieving?
He may live without hope,—what is hope but deceiving?
He may live without love,—what is passion but pining?
But where is the man that can live without dining?

AUX ITALIENS

At Paris it was, at the Opera there;—
And she look'd like a queen in a book, that night,
With the wreath of pearl in her raven hair,
And the brooch on her breast, so bright.

Of all the operas that Verdi wrote,
The best, to my taste, is the Trovatore;
And Mario can soothe with a tenor note
The souls in Purgatory.

The moon on the tower slept soft as snow:
And who was not thrill'd in the strangest way,
As we heard him sing, while the gas burn'd low,
  "Non ti scordar di me"?

The Emperor there, in his box of state,
  Look'd grave, as if he had just then seen
The red flag wave from the city-gate
  Where his eagles in bronze had been.

The Empress, too, had a tear in her eye.
  You'd have said that her fancy had gone back again,
For one moment, under the old blue sky,
  To the old glad life in Spain.

Well! there in our front-row box we sat,
  Together, my bride-betroth'd and I;
My gaze was fix'd on my opera-hat,
  And hers on the stage hard by.

And both were silent, and both were sad.
  Like a queen she lean'd on her full white arm,
With that regal, indolent air she had;
  So confident of her charm!

I have not a doubt she was thinking then
  Of her former lord, good soul that he was!
Who died the richest and roundest of men,
  The Marquis of Carabas.

I hope that, to get to the kingdom of heaven,
  Through a needle's eye he had not to pass.
I wish him well, for the jointure given
  To my lady of Carabas.

Meanwhile, I was thinking of my first love,
  As I had not been thinking of aught for years,
Till over my eyes there began to move
  Something that felt like tears.

I thought of the dress that she wore last time,
  When we stood, 'neath the cypress-trees, together,
In that lost land, in that soft clime,
  In the crimson evening weather;

Of that muslin dress (for the eve was hot),
  And her warm white neck in its golden chain,
And her full, soft hair, just tied in a knot,
  And falling loose again;

And the jasmine-flower in her fair young breast,
  (O the faint, sweet smell of that jasmine-flower!)
And the one bird singing alone to his nest,
  And the one star over the tower.

I thought of our little quarrels and strife,
  And the letter that brought me back my ring.
And it all seem'd then, in the waste of life,
  Such a very little thing!

For I thought of her grave below the hill,
  Which the sentinel cypress-tree stands over;
And I thought . . . "were she only living still,
  How I could forgive her, and love her!"

And I swear, as I thought of her thus, in that hour,
  And of how, after all, old things were best,
That I smelt the smell of that jasmine-flower
  Which she used to wear in her breast.

It smelt so faint, and it smelt so sweet,
  It made me creep, and it made me cold!
Like the scent that steals from the crumbling sheet
  Where a mummy is half unroll'd.

And I turn'd, and look'd. She was sitting there
  In a dim box, over the stage; and dress'd
In that muslin dress with that full soft hair,
  And that jasmine in her breast!

I was here; and she was there;
  And the glittering horseshoe curv'd between:—
From my bride betroth'd, with her raven hair,
  And her sumptuous scornful mien,

To my early love, with her eyes downcast,
  And over her primrose face the shade
(In short from the Future back to the Past),
  There was but a step to be made.

To my early love from my future bride
  One moment I look'd. Then I stole to the door,
I travers'd the passage; and down at her side
  I was sitting, a moment more.

My thinking of her, or the music's strain,
  Or something which never will be exprest,
Had brought her back from the grave again,
  With the jasmine in her breast.

She is not dead, and she is not wed!
  But she loves me now, and she lov'd me then!
And the very first word that her sweet lips said,
  My heart grew youthful again.

The Marchioness there, of Carabas,
  She is wealthy, and young, and handsome still,
And but for her . . . well, we'll let that pass,
  She may marry whomever she will.

But I will marry my own first love,
  With her primrose face: for old things are best,
And the flower in her bosom, I prize it above
  The brooch in my lady's breast.

The world is fill'd with folly and sin,
  And Love must cling where it can, I say:
For Beauty is easy enough to win;
  But one isn't lov'd every day.

And I think, in the lives of most women and men,
  There's a moment when all would go smooth
    and even,
If only the dead could find out when
  To come back, and be forgiven.

But O the smell of that jasmine-flower!
  And O that music! and O the way
That voice rang out from the donjon tower,
Non ti scordar di me,
  Non ti scordar di me!

INDIAN LOVE-SONG

My body sleeps: my heart awakes.
  My lips to breathe thy name are mov'd
In slumber's ear: then slumber breaks;
  And I am drawn to thee, belov'd.

Thou drawest me, thou drawest me,
  Through sleep, through night. I hear the rills,
  And hear the leopard in the hills,
And down the dark I feel to thee.

The vineyards and the villages
  Were silent in the vales, the rocks;
I follow'd past the myrrhy trees,
  And by the footsteps of the flocks.
Wild honey, dropp'd from stone to stone,
  Where bees have been, my path suggests.
  The winds are in the eagles' nests.
The moon is hid. I walk alone.

Thou drawest me, thou drawest me
  Across the glimmering wildernesses,
And drawest me, my love, to thee,
  With dove's eyes hidden in thy tresses.
The world is many: my love is one;
  I find no likeness for my love.
  The cinnamons grow in the grove;
The Golden Tree grows all alone.

O who hath seen her wondrous hair,
  Or seen my dove's eyes in the woods?
Or found her voice upon the air,
  Her steps along the solitudes?
Or where is beauty like to hers?
  She draweth me, she draweth me.
  I sought her by the incense-tree,
And in the aloes, and in the firs.

Where art thou, O my heart's delight,
  With dove's eyes hidden in thy locks?
My hair is wet with dews of night.
  My feet are torn upon the rocks.
The cedarn scents, the spices, fail
  About me. Strange and stranger seems
  The path. There comes a sound of streams
Above the darkness on the vale.

No trees drop gums; but poison flowers
  From rifts and clefts all round me fall;
The perfumes of thy midnight bowers,
  The fragrance of thy chambers, all
Is drawing me, is drawing me.
  Thy baths prepare; anoint thine hair;
  Open the window: meet me there:
I come to thee, to thee, to thee!

Thy lattices are dark, my own.
  Thy doors are still. My love, look out.
Arise, my dove with tender tone.
  The camphor-clusters all about
Are whitening. Dawn breaks silently.
  And all my spirit with the dawn
  Expands; and, slowly, slowly drawn,
Through mist and darkness moves toward thee.

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